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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Jan. 7, 1940

FLOSSY FRILLS

By Carolyn Wells
Pictures By Russell Patterson

No. 8—SHE TRIES TO BE AN AIRPLANE HOSTESS

1—"I've always longed to touch the stars," Floss told her doting swains.
"To soar above the mountain peaks, the rivers and the plains.
So if you dream of high ideals, just think of me, for I
Have got a most romantic job as hostess in the sky."

2—When Flossy to the airport came, the Captain smiled and bowed;
But what a shock! Aunt Val was there, protesting long and loud.
And Fred and Holly grinned at her, "We thought we'd stick around
To see you kept your dainty feet securely on the ground."

3—But when they saw her board the plane, they left Aunt Val behind,
And rushed for tickets, calling back, "Good-bye, we're flying blind."
Then as the ship rose slowly up into the Autumn blue,
"Now how about it, Floss?" they asked, "we'll say the joke's on you."

4—A perfect hostess Flossy proved in cap and costume smart,
Who cheered the fussy patrons with ingratiating art,
But when she pointed out to them the beauties of the view
The men in chorus cried: "So what? We'd rather look at you."

5—She worked so hard and steadily the Captain yielded a tip:
"A girl's aboard who used to be a hostess on the ship.
Suppose you let her take your place?" Flossy smiled in quick delight.
"And you will be our guest," he said, "the balance of the flight."

6—Now every hostess rates a host and this time Floss had two.
For Fred and Holly feted her when once the trip was through.
"You see you can't escape," they said, "by giving us the air."
"I bet Aunt Val," she smiled on them, "that both of you'd be there."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)





Although Eskimos Live on a Limited Diet of Fish and Meat, the Wandering Dentist Found Them to Have About the Finest Teeth in the World.

Still Puzzling? What Makes Teen Decay?

WHILE hono sapiens goes on building higher skyscrapers, constructing wider bridges and inventing new and speedier methods of communication over sea, land and air, he seems stymied in what is to many a modern scientist an irritating phase of life. For, no matter how much study has been made by dietitians, physicians and dentists, no one really knows how to prevent the decay of teeth and the subsequent pain that accompanies a trip to the dentist.

Today, of course, dentistry is in a far advanced stage compared with what it was only a quarter of a century ago. And there is no disputing the fact that here in the United States are the most skilled dentists in the world, with the best instruments to replace natural teeth and make our mouths look attractive by re-planting, known as orthodontics. But there is one little which dentists have been unable to solve. And that is "what makes teen decay?"

Theories by the bushel have been advanced. Some scientists advocate eating Vitamin D, contained in orange juice and milk, but many boys and girls who have been stuffed with milk and orange juice at infancy have cavities in their teeth. Others say that modern folk eat too much starch. Others insist that too much sugar makes for decay.

Even if you know which of these theories is correct, or even if any of them is foolproof. What puzzles scientists, however, is that the teeth of many primitive peoples, who have paid no attention to vitamins or the laws of diet, seem to be much better than those of highly-civilized man.

Recently a dentist, Dr. Weston A. Price, went to New Zealand, Australia, the South Sea, Africa, South America, the coast of Scotland, northern Canada and the land where Eskimos live within the Arctic Circle. In his book, "Nutrition and Physical Degeneration," he reveals startling facts. For instance, he found that the finest teeth belonged to the primitive Eskimos whose diet consisted of not much more than fish and meat. They had never tasted milk, oranges or any green vegetables. Baby Eskimos for their first two years live on mother's milk, and when they reach three-year-olds they often do not have even one cavity.

What is even more surprising in Dr. Price's discovery is that wherever he examined the teeth of primitive people who had not changed their diet from olden times, the molars were excellent and the jaws were spacious enough to accommodate all the big teeth. The teeth of people who ate white man's food showed decay, and their children had jaws too small for their wisdom teeth.

A startling instance was the South Seas where the natives stopped fishing after the World War and bought white man's food. Almost immediately, their teeth began falling out. After the war was over and they had to go back to their old ways, their teeth got strong and well again. Down in the Honduras everybody had good teeth except those who lived in the seaports and sold their fish for jam and flour, while in the deserts of Australia the savages who lived only on animals they caught, and some seeds and fruits had excellent teeth. Those who lived in reservations and ate food supplied by the government had wide-open spaces in their mouths and plenty of pain.

Among Orientals, a diet of eggs, grain and vegetables makes for healthy teeth and jaws. In the mountains of Switzerland, the natives thrive on milk, cheese, ryebread and meat. The Polynesians are faithful to their fish-lard and the islanders who dwell on the Tristan da Cunha cling to eggs, fish, potatoes and milk.

It is not enough to eat the foods of primitive peoples and expect to have perfect teeth dental authorities say. It seems that milk, fish and meat are all good for the teeth, but just what substance they contain which is so necessary for teeth protection has not as yet been found.

When primitive man stops eating his accustomed diet and just goes in for sugar, canned meat and flour, he is leaving out things like milk, butter, eggs, orange juice and green vegetables without which decay begins immediately. There is another angle to the problem. Primitive people eat much more than the business man, who leads a sedentary life and does not work as much as his neighbor, the hunter or man of action. Eskimos eat their meat raw and prize parts of the animal that civilized man throws away. It has been shown by other students of the Eskimo that Dr. Price found that the natives had a favorite dish composed of cod's head stuffed with chopped cod's liver. This is full of vitamins. Civilized man filets his fish and cooks it so long that almost all the vitamins are lost.

Another natural delicacy is insects; many primitive people collect insects, dry them, grind them into meal and make them into a sort of pudding; others strengthen unborn children by giving the expectant mother dried eggs of insects or fish; still other natives eat the comb and the bees as well as the honey, thus getting the vitamins which the pure honey alone does not have. From Dr. Price's observations it would seem that milk, liver, kidneys, eggs, cheese, sweetbreads, brains, tripe, fish, oysters, clams and shrimp are very good for the teeth and too much sugar, white bread and potatoes are not.

Grounded The Flying Lochinvar For Life

A FLYING young Lochinvar, who came out of the North, South and East, as well as the West, to do his love-making and air-stunting, was grounded for life recently when he was sentenced to life imprisonment by a Missouri judge after pleading guilty to murder in the clouds.

The strimlined Romeo, who wooed one girl, married another and stole airplanes, besides committing many less serious crimes before killing a flying instructor, was Ernest P. Larry Pletch, 27, owner of a small farm near Frankfort, Indiana. He was sentenced after slaying Carl Bivens, 34-year-old aviator of Brookfield, Mo., just two days after Mr. Bivens offered to teach the Hooey boy how to fly.

It was not the young Lochinvar's first trip to court, but it was likely his last, since he signed an oath saying he will never ask for a pardon or parole. The trial, which lasted only a few minutes, climaxed a hectic five months that have not been paralleled yet in American aviation's new criminal annals.

During the period from June 3 through November 3, the day his wings were clipped figuratively, and he walked into Missouri's penitentiary for life, the young aviator-lover had:

1. Stolen a friend's airplane.
2. Kidnaped a pretty, 17-year-old, Illinois girl and kept her prisoner for four days, during which he begged her to become his wife-in-wait.
3. Operated a flying ship without a State or Federal authority.
4. Stunted and carried paying passengers in the Mississippi Delta without Federal authority.
5. Made bond on all these charges and married a woman in a two-weeks courtship.
6. Left his wife to go South.
7. Plotted to steal a plane and fly to Mexico.
8. Murdered the flying instructor.

When the Girl Pletch Had Kidnaped in a Stolen Plane Flatly Refused to Marry Him, He Left Her in a Missouri Field and Searched Away for New Adventures, One of Which Was a Murder in the Sky.

went home, told officers that the young kidnaper had been "swell" to her and begged her mother not to prosecute him. Mrs. John Gehrklin, the mother, had threatened to have the law on the young Lochinvar, but when Pletch was charged with stealing the airplane by Mr. Crocker, who didn't like the theft at all.

On July 15, just 19 days after he had soared out of his home town, Mr. Pletch returned to Frankfort and was placed in the housework. He was bailed out quickly but before he had time to make up his excuse for the air escape.

"I couldn't buy a plane so I took Mr. Crocker's because I am not happy unless I am soaring through the clouds," he explained. "There isn't much I can't do with a plane—I've proved that. And I can pass any physical test, oral or written examination, or any other quiz on the subject of aeronautics, I'll bet."

To all other questions, particularly those concerning the kidnapping of Miss Gehrklin, he replied, "You guess."

For a couple of months, he got along fine around Frankfort, even progressing in the good graces of the community enough to influence a young woman to marry him. He won her in October after a whirlwind courtship.

Within two weeks, he was reported missing. Next he was heard of in Brookfield, Mo., where he was taking flying lessons from Mr. Bivens. They were together at the Brookfield airport for several days before Mr. Pletch suggested that they go up together for a long ride. Mr. Bivens was agreeable.

After they had been in the air for some time, Larry pulled out a pistol and shot the flying instructor twice through the head. They were over Cherry Box, Mo., at the time and the plane fell out of control as Mr. Bivens struggled to retain consciousness and fought off his assailant. But he succumbed quickly, and the "Lochinvar of the Air"—now a murderer—dropped the plane without a crash. He hid the body of the instructor, nonchalantly walked into the nearest community and purchased a quantity of gasoline.

Late that afternoon, Pletch flew the plane over the home of his parents for the last time, zooming about until his mother came out into the front yard. She saw him wave, then fly northward. When he landed a few minutes later at Indian State Park, 70 miles from Indianapolis, nearby farmers thought he had crashed in the dense woods.

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The British Inspector of Factories Says That an Intelligent and Curious Mind Is Often a Handicap Around Complicated Machinery. Many Bright Boys Get Hurt.

Where Dull Boys Have The Edge On Smart Ones

F ASKED "Who has the best chance to get a job, a smart youngster or a dumb one," nearly everyone would say the boy with brains. But a recent survey shows that it may be all wrong—at least in English factories.

Brilliant youngsters gum up the works by having too many accidents, say the British. They are too smart to handle the risky jobs of operating fast-moving and dangerous machinery without getting hurt nearly as often.

These surprising facts about intelligence and accidents came out just before the present war began, in the annual report of Sir Duncan R. Wilson, Chief Inspector of Factories in Great Britain.

The whole thing seems to be a modern version of the old fable about the "Hare and the Tortoise"—just as the old rabbit lost the race to the stupid plodding turtle, it looks as if too-smart boys and girls are in danger of losing factory jobs to dull-witted companions.

Take the case of a 14-year-old boy mentioned in the Chief Inspector's report. The boy not only was smart as a tack but had a real mechanical turn of mind. Machinery fascinated him. One day he looked up from his work and saw that the machine next to his own was going to be overhauled. No one was watching, so he started poking his nose into the uncovered wheels and belts.

After a little fiddling around he shifted one of the belts onto a fast-moving pulley. "Seeing the wheels go round made the boy forget that speedy machines are dangerous. He got his finger cut off. If this had had been slow and dull instead of too curious he wouldn't have been hurt.

No doubt the manager, when he heard about the accident, shook his head and thought seriously, not about the boy's good mind but about the need to fire anyone who didn't mind his own business.

But one of Sir Duncan's associates, Mr. H. R. Rogers, who has made a detailed study of why young factory workers get hurt, has another idea. He believes that bright boys, instead of losing their jobs should have special training and perhaps special watching to make them safe.

A 15-year-old boy also mentioned in the report, suffered from another kind of braininess. He had been in the factory only a week, was a good worker and didn't miss much about his new life.

One day when the machine he was using needed cleaning, the boy tried to do the job without stopping the machinery. His cleaning rag caught on a moving part and his hand was badly hurt.

Naturally the boy got a good scolding. He had been told never to clean any machine while it was moving. The trouble was that he had seen the very man who told him this "saw time" by cleaning a machine without stopping it. His quick brain learned something a dull boy never would have noticed—but that something was dangerous to accept for an expert.

Trying out a bright idea of his own may cause a young worker to get hurt. Sometimes it is just being so interested that he forgets to be careful. Such bright ideas and interest never bother dumb youngsters.

And, if a person stops to think of it, it isn't only in factories that curiosity and being quick on the up-take can get youngsters into trouble.

Not long ago there was news about three-year-old Bobbie Brown of Bradolinn, New York, whose mother sang to him the well-known nursery ditty about "Pussy in the Well." Bobbie lathered and was much impressed. If there was a cat in the well he would be wanted to see it.

So while his mother went on with her housework, Bobbie went out into the backyard where there was a real well. He tugged, pulled and pried until he got the wooden cover off—quite a job for a little tie. Looking in to find the pussy his mother had been singing about, Bobbie took a tumble and found himself in the well. Fortunately, he was hauled out with only a few wounds and he scarcely would have happened to a child with no imagination.

A bright young high school girl in Illinois did a little experiment in chemistry and lost her life. After listening to a lecture on how to mix—what artists call a "life mask"—the girl went home and tried to make a mask looking exactly like herself. Among other things this called for smearing plaster of Paris on her face and letting it harden.

Something went wrong. The mask got hard all right but it wouldn't come off. Result—a trip to the hospital where the young experimenter was kept for several days. She was lucky. When finally the mask was chipped off a little at a time her long curling eyelashes came off too. They grew in again, but a girl with a less eager mind might never have lost them.

Both in the home and in the factory many accidents can be traced to quick-witted youngsters trying to copy something they have seen on her face and letting it harden. Young people with slow minds usually are slow to imitate.

Dad climbs a ladder to fix the roof. Wide-awake jumping starts to work on the roof. The boy, who maybe his small sister tries to scrub the floor the way mother does and tumbles into the bucket of water. Older children try very difficult and more dangerous things they have watched a grown-up do.

The moral seems to be that not all children are more desirable but that a smart child may need watching while a dull child can be left more safely to his own devices.

Why Women Should Be Careful Around Fire

BURNS caused by ordinary home activities bring death each year to more than 1600 women of 15 years and over, according to statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The full skirts, jackets, sleeves and lighter fabrics that make women's clothes more attractive than the coarser fitting masculine attire, are particularly dangerous to the wearer around a fire. More accidental deaths occur in the home than out of it and fire is one of the worst causes.

A representative sample of causes came from a study of deaths in the company analyzed. Nearly one-half, or 171, came from stoves and grates. Typical examples were the woman who used her apron as a holder to lift a dish from the top of the stove and another who was house-cleaning and backed into an open gas fire. Working at stoves took 44 lives, standing near a fire for warmth caused 34 deaths and lighting or tending fires snuffed out 37 lives. Other agencies responsible for deaths in the order of their importance were inflammable liquids, matches and cigarettes, hot liquids, bonfires, oil lamps, electrical appliances and candles.

What the statisticians called the most reprehensible

misuse of inflammable liquids about the house was dependence on kerosene, gasoline or a similar explosive liquid for hurrying-up sluggish fires. Kerosene, kerosene and kerosene caused 11 deaths, gasoline eight, benzine two, turpentine one and unspecified liquids three. Dirty cleaning at home was responsible for 14 deaths.

Evidently women have not yet mastered the use of matches, for carelessness in this respect comprised 11 deaths. Cigarettes, brought death to 32 of which 12 had been smoking in bed. Hot liquids caused 25 deaths.

Bonfires were another source of fatal burns, the wind-whipped flames setting fire to women's billowy clothes with deadly results.

What would seem to be out-of-date fire causes were oil lamps and candles, yet these in primitive lighting devices caused 11 deaths.

While the report urges women to be more careful around fires, it also pointed out that their fire-death rate has been falling for some time and said that modernization of American homes gets much of the credit.

Many Women Burn to Death Every Year Because Their Clothes Are Lighter and Looser Than Those Worn by Men.



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"I WAS WARDEN of a Soviet Murder Camp"

**A First-Hand Story of the
Cruelty, Torture and Suicides
Among the Hordes of Commu-
nist Government Prisoners Re-
vealed By a Jailor Who, No
Longer Able to Stand the
Horror of His Job, Fleed
Into Finland**

By V. N. KISSELEV,

Escaped Director of the Russian Penal Colonies.

HELSINKI, Finland.

EVEN if I had not found later that it was my own cousin I murdered, I should never be able to forget the execution of Nadia Tarasova. I ordered her shot one bright morning at Solovki, the prison island for women condemned and exiled by the Soviet Government. She was praying when the bullets tore through her body and plunged her over the ledge into the White Sea. I had no choice, of course.

The OGPU had sent secret orders that this young college girl was to have her life snuffed out on that very day and that the sea was to be her grave. A warden of a Soviet penal colony does not disobey orders. I was the chief warden.

Hardened by years of service in Russia's penal camps I might have resisted the nervous collapse that I suffered after Nadia's execution if my mind had not been tortured by even more horrible experiences.

The outside world cannot possibly realize nor picture the extent of the cruel, wholesale and heartless murder in the Soviet camps dedicated to barbaric punishment and suffering. The civilized mind finds it difficult to believe that decent, self-respecting citizens, industrious farmers and brilliant intellectuals can all be herded together, shorn of clothing, deprived of nourishing food and forced to live in circumstances of filth and disease such as those the Soviet exiles must endure.

But this has been going on for nearly twenty years.

As the chief warden of several of the worst of these penal colonies, which are designated by the letters SLOV, an abbreviation of the Russian word, "Severny Lager Oshchav Nazhacheniya," meaning roughly, "Northern Prisoners' Concentration Camps," I saw what the Stalin government was really doing, and I can say with authority that during recent years no less than a million persons, men and women, have been put to the torture and left to die of their sufferings or else murdered annually in the seven principal camps.

My camps, where Nature assisted in the infliction of torture, were in the Arctic section of the Province of Archangel and were the largest. Part of their area reaches to Onega and takes in the shores of the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean. It covers a territory of more than 2,000 square miles of forest, swamps, lakes and wilderness and makes use of the islands around the former monastery on Solovki Island, which is now a camp for women prisoners.

When I became chief warden, with headquarters at Solovki in 1932, there were 652,257 exiles—men, women and children of all social strata. It was the nearest thing to hell that the human mind can picture. Everywhere, starved and torture-wrecked caricatures of human beings passed about like grotesque puppets. They did not look like human beings.

It was no wonder that the guards and other government employees who were placed under my direction called these prisoners "shakals," which means hyenas. And if their appearance was not enough to inspire the name, the treatment of these poor human wrecks justified it for they were known not by their names but as "Hyena No. 1," "Hyena No. 2," etc.

Even in death the prisoners were handled like beasts—their bodies piled up onto carts and dumped into the sea when the ground was too hardy frozen for digging. When the earth was soft the guards would hold graveyard parties, at which they would all get drunk and then, in what to them was a festive spirit, dig huge pits into which they would toss the unfortunate victims.

As far as I can calculate, about 3,000,000 exiles altogether have found death merciful compared to life in the SLOV camps, and have been dumped into the sea, rivers or lakes, or buried in those graves hollowing from 50 to 100 bodies, covered with loose earth and sand.

When I was put in charge of the colony there were eight different working departments and 873 camp stations, necessitating patrols of 4,500 guards and 15 sub-wardens.

Lumber cutting occupied the time and

"The Girl Asked for a Moment in Which to Pray, Then She Knelt and Gazed Out at the Sea, Uttering Strange Words. Even the Callous Guards Were Affected and Looked Ashamed as She Chanted Them. The Command to Fire Stuck in My Throat."



Smuggled Photograph of Newly Arrived Women Exiles at the Solovki Camp. Being Fed the Usual Fare of Porridge and Hot Water After a Few Weeks Their Clothes Fall to Tatters and They Are No Longer the Easy of the Half-Naked Older Prisoners.

strength of the harder prisoners, as did the transportation and shipping. Some of the more intelligent prisoners took care of the trading, the railroading, schedules, etc., and those best fitted did the road building, the swamp filling, etc. There were also the fisheries and the harbor-building departments, with their offices.

Most of the prisoners lived in huge barn-like, unheated and leaky barracks, herded together like cattle, their only beds bags of hay issued to them at night.

The food consisted of a pound of black bread per person, porridge of barley or wheat, a few pieces of fish, and the only beverage was hot water. There were usually 500 prisoners to a barrack, and when it is remembered that each barrack was designed to hold only 50 people it can be imagined how these quarters were packed and their occupants stifled.

No prison clothing was ever issued to the exiles. Whatever they wore when arrested they continued to wear until the rags fell off their backs. Only old hands in the lumber cutting locations were given worn jackets or furs. And, of course, as soon as whatever rags the prisoners wore fell to pieces they would catch cold, develop pneumonia, frost-bite, and die of disease or exhaustion. There were no hospitals, no doctors and little medicine.

On my first morning as chief warden, I was walking to my office when I saw a sleigh, a sort of dump-car on runners and pulled by horses. The guards in charge of this did not even trouble to cover the cargo, which was a shabby heap of human bodies being transported to the shore, where they



Map Showing the Location of the Prison Camps in the White Sea and Archangel Region.

would be dumped into the sea. I asked the driver what had happened to these people. "There was nothing of them," he replied. "In this every morning."

It required quite an effort for me to inspect that sleigh, but I saw in this heap of human wreckage there were middle-aged bulks, and men whose features, cold as they were, showed them unmistakably to have been intellectual persons. The bodies were blue from the cold, and mostly skin and bones. Desperate fellow prisoners had snatched away the remnants of their clothes.

During that one week 97 prisoners had died in the barracks of my camp. Always the same average of them—two or three out of fifteen—had been shot by the guards for alleged back talk or expressing resentment or complaining about anything. I learned soon in this particular camp that all the bodies of the dead were not found in the barracks. Daily the patrols would come in bearing the corpses of prisoners who, in their great suffering, had died during the night in the forests, here to hang themselves by ropes made from their dirty clothing.

There was no punishment for SLOV guards who killed prisoners. The miserable exiles were regarded as nothing more than the animals whose names they bore.

Most of the deaths were the result of previous tortures in the so-called kartzers, or torture cells. These cells were merely dark, damp cellars under the barracks, their floors muddy and uncovered. Prisoners charged with disobedience or considered hostile were taken there and beaten regularly each day until death released them.

One night after I had served there a year, I heard screams coming from such a

One night while passing one of the barracks I heard noises and shouting within and went to look through a window. A guard stood over the prostrate body of a man.

"Shakal, stand up!" he shouted. "You're not now in a bourgeois club. You are now a hyena, not a great man. You know who I am, I am your superior and you are in a labor camp. Obey me!"

The man lying on the floor groaned. There was a lot of grumbling from another end of the barracks, and in the instant that I turned to see where it was coming from I heard a shot. There was a low moan and I rushed to the door. I bumped into the guard as he was striding out, pistol in hand. I took him back with me to the bleeding man on the floor. He was dead.

The slain man had been a nobleman, I learned, who had been so weak as to be unable to stand up when the guard came into the barracks.

"I had to shoot Shakal No. 67," the guard informed me calmly. "He was too conceited."

I learned later that this particular guard had shot more than 30 prisoners during that winter, most of them former noblemen, writers or engineers whose superior caste he had resented and who had failed to play up to his vanity.

This man I transferred to a distant lumber region where, I learned months later, he had continued his murders until one night a giant moujik, or peasant lumberjack, had killed him with an axe.

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kartzer, and upon going to the place I asked the guard I encountered what had happened. "Oh," he replied, "that fellow is a conceited former guard officer of the Czar. He pretends to be sick. He is Shakal No. 34, and I am training him to behave."

I ordered the man taken to my office. He was a human caricature—tall, gaunt and with skin that stretched over his bones like dried parchment. He wobbled. There was no strength in his muscles, and in the office I gave him a seat.

"I am Prince Peter Lieven," he said. "I used to be Imperial Guard Officer in St. Petersburg. I was arrested because they suspected me of being an agent of an American banker. That was because I had lived fairly comfortably in a tourist hotel. They kept me in jail in St. Petersburg an entire year and then sentenced me here for five years. I have been here two months."

I talked to the man for several hours and found that he had been receiving help from American relatives who were not bankers, but perfectly respectable business people who were direct descendants of General Ulysses Grant, the American Civil War hero. Prince Peter was at that moment on the verge of collapse, and I kept him in my office and gave him a bed and tried to administer nourishment and medicine. But he was so weak that he could not take it. Three days later I went into my office and found him dead.

The kulaks made up the largest number of SLOV prisoners. They were the government enemies because they had denounced about giving up all their cattle, grain and property, all of which had been seized anyhow, and each of them was serving from five to ten years at compulsory labor.

In my charge there were 321,000 kulak prisoners, all of whom were given the most laborious and body-breaking jobs. They were able men when they first arrived and survived much longer than the other prisoners, but, of course, suffered more. Those who died earliest were the intellectuals, journalists, clergymen or business men who had spent their lives at brain work in offices. The death rate among the kulaks was about 40,000 a year. Several hundreds of them escaped and only 1,000 were slain by the guards because they were good workers and were spared. Also the guards resented them less than they did the prisoners of higher social rank.

During five months of my term of office there were 109 suicides on Kond Island alone.

(Continued on Page 15)



The Old Solovetsky Monastery on Solovki Island, Which Has Been Converted Into Barracks for Women Prisoners.

A MERICAN women spend millions of dollars every year on their faces—and according to more than one make-up expert, a lot of this hard-earned money is worse than wasted. The girls mean well, but they lack the ability to appraise their own features and put on rouge, lipstick and eye-shadow so that such facial charms as they have are subtly enhanced.

The photographs on this page show the wrong way and the right way to make up—for one type of feminine physiognomy—as demonstrated by Edward Sens, a well-known authority on the use of cosmetics on the stage and in the movies. His model for this lesson on "gilding the lily" is Miss Betty Javline.

The big picture at the upper right shows Miss Javline sporting what all too many maids and matrons think of as "glamorous" make-up. Mr. Sens says the picture is all to the bad. The hair-do is wrong, the lips are made up awkwardly. Powder and rouge are plastered on too thickly. What might be a more-than-ordinarily-attractive young woman has made herself look like a hard-boiled hostess in a honky-tonk.

So the discerning Mr. Sens does what any clever user of cosmetics would do: he removes all the gilding from the over-gaudy lily and starts from scratch. He studies the girl's face, carefully noting its shape and size, and the arrangement of stock feminine features—eyes, nose, mouth and ears. He decides what dimensions should be subdued and which should be accentuated. He balances the lips, not by putting a thin line of rouge on a full lip to match a shapelier lip, but by reddening the largest lip and building up the other one to match. No woman ever fooled anyone by rouging half a lip.

The New York make-up man is a disciple of simplicity. He advises members of the gentler sex to take a leaf from his book. Don't, he says, slap on generous doses of rouge. And don't put it in the wrong place.



Art By Apes

WHEN a keeper in the monkey house at the London Zoo surprised an ape tracing the shadow of his profile on the wall of his cage, he jumped to the conclusion that members of the monkey tribe have a primitive urge to be artistic.

The experts pooch-pooched the idea and consulted the zoology books just to prove to the keeper that he must have been seeing things. Animals, they said, have little sense of form or color and certainly can't draw.

Just as the argument waxed hot, along came Dr. P. Hachet-Souplet, who said monkeys can draw—and he had the evidence to prove it. Dr. Hachet-Souplet is Honorary Director of Paris' Institute of Animal Psychology so he got the experts' attention at once.

He showed not less than 28 colored crayon drawings that monkeys had made as well as 60 others that weren't so good but were recognizable as attempts to be artistic.

The monkeys he had used weren't coached before-hand, either. They had been imported by a well-known firm and were intended as pets.

The French psychologist is a careful man and he declined to say whether he thought his monkey drawings are further evidence of the Darwinian theory that man sprang from the apes.

Putting YOUR BEST FACE Forward

Such inept use of modern cosmetics gives women the appearance of rag dolls, or wooden Indians.

Neither should eyebrow pencil be drawn on too heavily. Misuse of this aid to coquetry may make the heavy-lidded girl seem to be glowering in a most unattractive way, or give her the aspect of being constantly amazed at the world around her. Go easy with the eyebrow pencil and, except in rare cases, follow the natural line of the brows.

The hair-do is as important as the sane and sensible use of the pigments on the bonjour table. The too-broad face can be helped by combing the hair high on the head; the long thin face by keeping the hair low and softly arranged around the ears. When a woman capitalizes on her fine points, her personality undergoes a subtle change. A new dress or hat gives the wearer a distinct lift and a properly made-up face does as much for the owner. Whether she be a deb or a dowager, a celebrity or a nonentity, her spirits rise when she knows her features look right.

It takes a little thought and practice—but every woman can put her best face forward.

The Photograph at the Left Shows Miss Javline's Face "Stripped for Action" by the Make-up Expert. Compare This with the Finished Job Just Across the Column.



Too Many American Girls Go in for "Glamorized" Make-up Like That Being Flaunted by the Young Woman at the Left. Most Members of the Gentler Sex Who Wear Faces Like This Need the Advice of a Good Make-up Expert.

Something New in Dishes

NOW-A-DAYS china collecting is a major hobby and many a dining-room cabinet is carefully looked because the contents are almost as valuable as a casket of jewels.

Some unusual dinner-plate designs were exhibited the other day at the Eighth National Ceramic Exhibition at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts. They brought a sparkle to many a fancier's eye because they are so different from the currently popular hunting scenes and clipper ships of other days.

The new dishes glorify the game of baseball and are the work of Victor Schreckengost, an American ceramic sculptor and designer. Even though these plates are now a whimsical innovation, they are authentic art and glorify a familiar phase of the American scene. As such they will probably be highly treasured as tomorrow's antiques.

As any "fan" can see from the pictures at the right, the sketches of a pitcher, a batter and an umpire are humorously true to life. The artist drew his figures in black on a tan

background and added a green border to set them off effectively.

Since these designs found favor with the art critics, other sports may soon have their day in dishes.



WILLIAM H. ALLEN

These New and Very American Plates, Humorously Honoring the National Game, Recently Were Put on Exhibition at the Syracuse, New York, Museum of Fine Arts.

When The Cat's Away—The Rat Gets Lonesome

PROUD possessors of Siamese cats often weary their friends with seemingly incredible tales of the pets' great intelligence. Perhaps these aristocrats of the feline world do possess more wisdom than the average tabby, but that has long been a much-debated question.

One owner decided once and for all to end the remarks of carping unbelievers—to get the evidence that would forever shut them up. How successfully he proved his tallest tale can be seen from the accompanying photographs. These show that one cat, at least, became the boon companion of his traditional

enemy, the rat.

This Siamese is the proudest pos-

sessor of a noted French political figure who used it—and the pictures

—to refute the arguments of many friends, especially one doctor. The man declared cats and rats never could get along together. He fancied himself an authority on animal behavior and kept a stock of white rats in his laboratories so he could observe how they met different situations.

Do cats always kill rats? Yes, said the scientist. No, said the politician. To settle the argument the scientist brought his pet rat on his next visit.

The rat was placed beside the cat and the two friends waited breathlessly for paws to help himself to a free meal.

But the Siamese coyly poked a paw at the rat and started to romp. The rat perversely seemed to like the new game and joined right in. The two have become such pals that the scientist has had to give the rat to his friend as the two animal friends won't be separated.

Not only do they play together for hours but even sleep together as the pictures show.

This home-trained animal act is always in great demand for entertaining dinner guests as they sip their coffee and liquors in the drawing-room.



A Town That's Kind to "Cockeyed" Visitors

Things Look Bad for the Rat in the Picture Directly Above—but He Wasn't Inviting Painful and Lingering Death Because the Siamese Cat Decided To Be the Rodent's Friend, Thereby Breaking All the Natural Laws by Which Cats Are Supposed to Function. The Picture in the Oval Shows the Touching Finish of the Surprising Act.

THOSE who like to get hilarious after a liquid good time are welcomed with open arms in Port Washington, Wisconsin, and courteously escorted to "Hotel Tipsey" to remain there, without cost, until they reach a proper state of sobriety. Mayor John H. Kaiser sees to that.

Kaiser says he favors a wide-open city with slot machines and the like, where visitors can go and spend their money. So he recently established a sort of municipal hotel for inebriates in an old power house on the lake shore.

"If our cock-eyed guests had not been involved in any serious offense, such as driving while drunk, I see no reason why we should arrest them," Kaiser said. "We need their business and we want to keep it. Hundreds come to our city, the fish capital of Wisconsin, for a good time. They accept our hospitality and some of them dip rather heavily into the flowing bowl."

Under former procedure the only thing we could do was put them in jail and fine them.

"I think such treatment is not justified. I advised my police chief, John Betts, to order his officers to escort those people who take in too much spirits to the old power house, where we have installed rooms with beds. There our guests can cool off and be released the next morning. There are no fines and no records against them for having a little fun."

In Port Washington all drunks are accorded the same considerate treatment. The cops make no class distinctions among their charges.

Who Hypnotized Whom— and Who Pays?

WHO has the overpowering Svengali eyes which held the other in hypnotic subjection for ten years?

Was it 35-year-old Dr. William Smith, as he says, or was it the pretty 22-year-old actress, Peggy Ann Kent, as he says, and so which way did all that money pass?

Justice Edward R. Koch of the New York Supreme Court, read the affidavits of both sides to the alleged eye-evil and decided at a jury had better take a look at both sides of eyes.

Dr. Smith, through his attorney, S. Arthur Dixon, objected strenuously. It seems that not only look at eyes but at ankles, which are irrelevant and immaterial, but, like a delatessen man's thumb in a pound of usage, are sometimes thought to tip the scales of justice.

Peggy is the daughter of Sidney R. Kent, who rose from stoker of a greenhouse boiler \$5 a week, to the multimillionaire president of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, one of the highest paid executives in the motion picture business. Mr. Kent gives his daughter \$10,000 a year for ordinary expenses and also pays for extras, such as dentists and actors, but apparently not this particular actor.

Also, the young lady has a few other assets such as a little trust fund of \$50,000 left by her mother.

Out of this care-free existence, she says she awoke to the shocking discovery that last summer Dr. Smith had obtained a judgment for \$8,777.25 against her in the County Clerk's office in New York City.

The young lady asserts that she never owed him a cent but, on the other hand, she owes her "lots and lots of money."

Dr. Smith did not hypnotize the County Clerk. He didn't have to, because he had the strongest evidence of documentary evidence, including a promissory note of confession of judgment, signed by Peggy.

What seems to have brought her from her trance to full consciousness, was learning that her trust fund is about to be attached. So she asked Justice Koch to set judgment aside, explaining her version of how it all happened. After setting forth that she was amply provided for by her father and therefore had never been in need of anything from anyone, Peggy says:

"The plaintiff, William Smith, is a medical doctor. He, however, engaged in the manufacture of drugs, under the name of Landith Laboratories, Inc. I have known Dr. Smith since I was 12 years old, during which time he has assumed a paternal attitude toward me, and at other times led me to believe that he is in love with me.

"We have frequently gone together in the past ten years and, on numerous occasions when he has needed money, I have advanced it to him."

"On or about July 7, 1935, Dr. Smith informed me that he needed \$5,000 badly for his business and that I would help him because I was vitally interested in the company."

She relates that he told her he had become an officer and director of the corporation, all about any consciousness on her part of having bought any stock or attended any of its meetings. It must be alarming to go around the hypnotized state such as the heiress Peggy.

One could never be sure that one would wake up some day to find oneself the victim of a big corporation, perhaps with its-down strike on one's hands. Peggy says she was frightened.

Her affidavit goes on to state: "And in addition to scaring me, Dr. Smith always exercised somewhat of a hypnotic influence over me and generally he has been to induce me to let him have money when said he needed it."

"I informed him that I was unable to advance the \$5,000 or any other sum because I did not have any money, and a department was pressing me for payment."

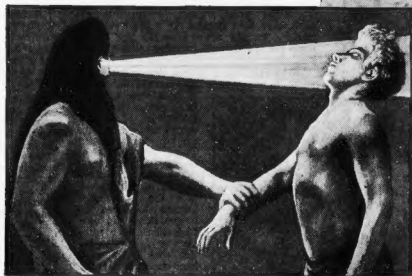
After alleged suggestions by Dr. Smith that she "touch" wealthy Papa and the trust fund, which of which she remembers refusing, she asserts that the doctor produced some letters of other papers for her to sign which would give the business to him.

"One of these papers was the note referred to in the Confession of Judgment for \$8,500."



Dr. William Smith, Handsome 35-Year-Old Friend of Peggy, Who, She Says, Sought to Relieve Her of Her Money While She Was Under His Spell.

Movie Heiress Peggy Ann Kent Tells the Court Her Doctor "Admirer" Used a Strange Power to Coax Money from Her, But He Claims She Must Have Used The Same Power and More, Because She Owes Him More Than He Owes Her



"Hypnotism," a Drawing by the German Fantastic Artist, Sacha Schneider, Flouting the Strange Power Which Peggy and Her Doctor Accuse Each Other of Possessing.

There were also some letters and the Confession of Judgment. At first I refused to sign any of the papers. The plaintiff, however, explained to me again how urgent it was that we get money for the corporation, and my protests that I had no interest in it were of no avail.

"I hesitated to sign those papers as I did not think it was right, but again, as on many previous occasions, I was unable to refuse his urging and again felt weak under the spell which his presence always cast over me."

If the young lady is to be believed, she apparently did sign them all on July 12, 1935, without knowing or remembering anything about it. The next legal interval, in which she remembers any financial transaction with the doctor she describes as follows:

"On July 31, 1935, I made a visit to California. On departing from the Newark Airport, I found the plaintiff waiting. He then stated again that he was in need of money and again I was unable to refuse. At this time I gave him \$57 which was all the cash I had in my pocketbook at the time."

The heiress then crossed the entire con-

dition in this penniless condition but the worst was yet to come when, just one month later, she learned the bad news that with the aid of the papers she didn't know she had signed, one Paul Zeigler was about to bite a large chunk out of her trust fund.

"And which papers," she states, "I have no recollection of having signed. As a matter of fact the influence which Dr. Smith exercised over me was so serious and so depressing that it subsequently took me to another doctor, Dr. Brill. I am now informed that Paul Zeigler intends to sell the trust fund for the amount of the sum which Smith has entered against me."

"I respectfully submit that this is a wild and brazen plan conceived by a medical doctor and several unscrupulous lawyers to dupe and cheat me out of my entire trust estate."

Peggy's lawyer, Edgar Chapman, gives the following thumbnail character sketch of his fair client:

"I respectfully submit that the defendant here, although of the age of 22, is one of those unfortunate children of the rich who are infrequently are victimized by people whose scruples are at least questionable."

"We find a California lawyer threatening to take over a trust estate in excess of \$50,000 to satisfy a judgment for confession for \$8,777.25, for which not one cent in consideration has been paid. It might be impossible to put together the pieces and recreate the trust estate created by a wise mother for the

defendant does not diagnose the heiress as suffering from any such unsophistication. According to his statement, she was permanently cured of the last symptoms of naivete at the age of 15. He states:

"Let me first show the court the complete absurdity of her counsel's statement that the defendant is someone 'unwashed in the ways of a wicked world.' The fact is, the defendant is a highly cultured woman. She was married at the age of 15 years and lived with her first husband for approximately two years."

"Subsequently, in November, 1935, she was divorced, and a few months later was remarried a second time, in Australia, to a young Englishman, the son of one of England's most prominent families, and whose father is a Knight of the British Empire. She has been a mature woman since she was 15 years of age. For the past seven years she has not lived with her father. She has always maintained her own apartment, hired her own maids and kept her own charge accounts in the various stores."

"Instead of being unwashed, I doubt if there is a woman of her age who has had the opportunity of knowing the ways of the world as the defendant."

To show that in spite of Papa's ample provision, his daughter was in a chronic condition of needing to borrow, Dr. Smith introduced a series of letters purporting to be from Peggy, begging him for money and telling of her financial difficulties. As evidence that Mr. Kent's \$10,000 a year was not entirely satisfactory to his dutiful daughter, he offers the following letter alleged to have been writ-



Peggy Ann Kent, 22, Who, Dr. Smith Tells the Court, Has a Positive Genius For Getting Into "Jams"—of Which This Latest Trouble Is Merely One.

Testimony Indicated That Whenever the Doctor and Peggy Looked at Each Other, One or the Other Lost Money, So the Court Decided That Only a Jury Could Determine Who Should Pay Back Whom.

ten by Peggy.

"I know doggone well that I was born for trouble—but, well, I might make a lot for myself. The latest thing being that Dad will not pay other hundred & I'll be thrown out if he doesn't. He has never been so nasty as he is right now. Good grief! He has cut me down on rent—on my maid and everything."

Hypnosis being in the province of medicine, the doctor examines himself and the first defendant, and gives the following professional report:

"If the word hypnotic can be used at all, then I was undoubtedly the victim, because when she constantly threatened to commit suicide and other instances when she could have been inspired by her foolish actions, I loaned her money in order to get her out of these many jams. I am prepared to show several of these instances in court but here is one example:

"When she was stopping at Quercy's Inn, at Montauk Point, Long Island, she gave a check on a bank where she did not even have an account. After doing this she frantically telephoned me about this check and, foolishly as before, I advanced the money for her."

As for the time she became "unconsciously" an officer and director in the drug company, Dr. Smith says that the "unconsciousness" was all his and that it happened this way:

"The only time this point was ever discussed was in the latter part of July, 1935, when she obtained the sum of \$2,500 from a prominent individual for the purpose of purchasing a car. She called me on the phone telling me the name of the individual and that the car would cost \$5,500. In order to take the car out immediately, she signed the statement of the Finance Company to the effect that she was officer and director of my corporation and owned considerable stock and was deriving an income from it of \$5,500 a month."

If Dr. Smith thought that pointing out a lot of discrepancies in the fair patient's statements would quiet her, he was mistaken. She came back with another affidavit, asserting among other things that after her mother's divorce in 1927, while she herself was only about 11 years old, the doctor became her mother's "admirer."

After the mother's death, the affidavit seems to intimate that Peggy Ann sort of inherited the "admirer" along with the trust fund. She says:

"For example, when my first husband and I were about to part, Dr. Smith wired to us in part as follows:

"Peg, dear, I love you more than anything else in the world—Bill."

"On both occasions when I separated from my husbands, he immediately appeared on the scene and frequently took me out."

This did not act as a sedative on the doctor either for he promptly handed up the following for the depositions:

"The defendant comes into court and starts a 'dog fight' sleeping so low as to bring in the name of her dead mother. I refrained in my affidavit from quoting to the court the moral record of the defendant, because I felt that my case was so strong that there was no need to do this."

"However, if the court wishes to look at public records to determine the moral record of the defendant, it could go to the courts of England, where she is publicly branded, being the unsuccessful defendant in divorce proceedings wherein she was charged with infidelity."

"In addition to this, I defy the defendant to deny the many thousands of dollars worth of bills she owes."

And so the judge decided that a jury had better help decide who hypnotized whom and who paid all the money.



The Unfortunate Girl Who Grew Up With the Mark of a Beer Bottle With Its Cork Popping Out, Allegedly Because Her Mother Occasionally Yearned for a Drink of the Brewers' Product.

By STEPHEN FORBES

I AM a teacher in the high school of a New York State town. I have just received a bundle of compositions from my pupils and each is entitled, "Birthmarks." This is how they happened to write them:

My wife ducked out of a dinner-dance party "for a minute" to powder her nose. She returned several hours later with the explanation that "They began to discuss birthmarks, and one tale led to another."

One was the case of an expectant mother who had to prepare a hunchback for burial and one month later when her baby was born, it was a hunchback, too. I insisted that people in an enlightened age no longer believe such superstitions, but I had a hard time backing it up with evidence. Finally I decided to let my pupils collect the evidence for me on one of their weekly compositions.

I warned them that there must be no imagination or fictionizing. They must either find a case where a parent or mother directly involved believed that some event before birth had marked a child or else not attempt to write anything. Of 131 pupils, 59 submitted reports, but six had to be discarded because they offered no specific instance.

The cases seemed to fall largely into two groups, one referring to birthmarks due to ungratified desires, and the other referring to marks caused by fear. From the point of view of the "expectant father" it is hard to say which group is the more alarming. If the expectant mother gets any sort of fright or shock during the critical period, it is supposed to "mark" the child. Therefore, she must not be expected to do anything she dislikes, such as going down in the cellar after she has heard that there might be a mouse down there.

But if she has a yearning (commonly called a yen) for anything, and it is not satisfied, this, so popular belief has it, may also mark the child. Therefore if the father carries on his coming offspring, he had better give his mother anything she wants—or else.

Of the "yearning" incidents the following is one of three that concern chocolate. The girl pupil wrote:

"A month before Mrs. H.—'s boy arrived, she was in P.—she went into a candy store. She saw some delicious chocolates. She couldn't buy any and stood there longing. She placed her hand on her forehead just above the wrist. When Tommy was born he had a large brown chocolate spot on his wrist."

What great good fortune that she did not put her hand on her eye or Tommy might have gone through life with a perpetual black eye. This was the husband's fault for letting a wife out of the house where she could see things, but without any money to buy them.

Somebody should ask the lion-faced and other hairy men of the circus if they got that way because their mothers vainly desired a milk cone. In some of the unsatisfied desire cases, such as the following, the husband gets neither blame nor credit.

The expectant mother, I learned, had spent some time every day playing with a neighbor's child who had a pair of delightful dimples. And, sure enough, just as she had hoped, when baby Margaret was born, she was equipped with an equally lovely dimpled pair. There, however, a discordant note in the story Margaret grew up to be a trained nurse and therefore with some knowledge of anatomy. Sad to relate, the dimpled daughter vainly tried to convince her mother that "marking" a child is a physical impossibility.

Another unsatisfied desire report tells of a woman who yearned for sweet corn but nobody gave her any just because it was out of season. Diligent search of the baby's exterior at birth revealed no extra ears, corns, kernels nor any other blemish. But the youngster was "marked mentally." As soon as she was old enough to walk the little girl insisted on entering every cornfield she saw and gnawing the green ears like an animal.

These "mental markings" are perhaps the most startling of all. I had never heard and could not have thought of a baby being born drunk and never able to sober up all its life. Yet my pupils submitted me with many such cases. A typical one concerns a woman who, in mistaken kindness, played Good Samaritan to a deeply intoxicated person, permitting him to sleep at her farmhouse and, after breakfast, to go staggering on his way. And this is what my pupil assured me was the result:

"When the baby was born it was very nervous and her hands, legs and head were going all the time. She finally learned to walk but staggered. Today, at 24, she can control herself a little better. When she is walking up

INT'L PHOTO

The Lion-Faced Man of the Circus Whom Expectant Mothers Traditionally Avoid Left Their Children Be Born With Their Faces Covered With Hair.

A High School Professor's Pupils Relate at His Request Some Strange Stories of the Effects of Fears or Yearnings Upon Expectant Mothers—Stirring Up Again a Never Ending Controversy

the aisle at church she has to take hold of the seats and goes from one side to the other. She can hardly keep her balance. She has been to specialists all over and there is no cure for her. Just because her mother was frightened by a drunken man."

This bears anything I have read in the Anti-Saloon League's literature. Not quite so shocking are the cases where the liquor mark is applied externally. Case eight, in the alcoholic division, reads thus:

"This one was told me by a friend. Her sister has the mark of a whiskey bottle on her leg. The saying behind it is that a week or so before her birth her father went away and came home drunk. When he came in the house he had a whiskey bottle in his hands and laid it on the table with a thump. As he did so his wife dropped what she was doing and grabbed her leg. The child had a print of a whiskey bottle on its leg."

Case number nine tells how a nice girl through no fault of her own is doomed to carry on her person throughout life an unpaid beer advertisement. It reads this way:

"As I have always been told by my mother, my aunt (half aunt) had a birthmark on her left leg, just over the knee. It was dark brown in color and was a picture of a beer bottle with a cork flying out. My aunt's mother was not a great drinker, but was quite a sporty person. She went to parties a lot when she was young and still goes out a lot with her husband. My aunt was plagued about this mark a lot. A boy freshman, unable to accept any of the other stories he had heard, scornfully offered this one:

"Before the child was born his mother had seen a bear which frightened her very much.



The Fact That Little Jeannette Hogan Developed Habits of Shaking Her Head Like a Horse, Crossing Her Legs in Equine Fashion, and Even Making Neighing Sounds, Was Attributed to a Horse Which Frightened Her Mother a Few Months Before Jeannette Was Born.

The child cannot speak but barks. His hands look like claws. He has long nails which grow out nearly as long as they were before they were cut. This child gets lots of enjoyment out of clawing. Today, when he sees anyone in the room that he does not know, he'll run to them and start clawing at them."

Another boy pupil, after describing a "best-marked" boy, adds this information:

"He was real religious and very fond of music. He would always act like a bear. He couldn't learn so he never went to school. He used to have a school, that is, he taught sap buckets. He always walked around with an old umbrella and a few posy pots."

There are five cases under the "burn" classification. One boy describes, in Dick Merriwell fashion, a forest fire which surrounds the home of a prospective mother. In desperation she puts her hands on her hips. She

On the Other Hand, Contemplation of Such Classic Art as the Venus of Canova (Right) by an Expectant Mother Is Believed to Produce Beauty in the Child, Such as Happened to Lois Wild Whose Mother Attributes Her Daughter's Perfection to Daily Visits to an Art Gallery Where a Replica of This Florentine Statue Inspired Her.

must have been rescued for a son was born "with a burning stump on each hip." The same youth offers the following advice to all mothers:

"The only warning that can be given by people to this strange thing is when the mother is frightened by anything when her child is being born she should touch her arm, leg, or somewhere where the body will be covered by clothes."

The young investigator failed to explain how the forest-fire heroine happened to be watching the conflagration with unclothed hips. The belief that touching a hand to her own body at the moment of shock or disappointment causes a mark on the same part of the child's anatomy appears frequently in the papers. But how is a scared woman or a disappointed one to remember what to do with her hands?

Before a worried husband considers handcuffing or putting boxing gloves on his expectant spouse when she steps out, he should remember that such a procedure might perhaps only "drive it in" as they say of measles rash, and make it a "mental marking," which seems to be worse. For instance, consider this one, turned in by a boy who tries to excuse the neglect of a member of his own sex as best he can:

"The expectant mother wanted some smoked herring. It was, I think, out of season or they were unable to purchase it for some reason. One afternoon this woman saw her husband coming with a box. She said, 'I bet he is bringing me some smoked herring.' As she said this she put her hands on her knees. It turned out not to be smoked herring at all. When the baby was born, on his right knee was the mark of two fish. They were crossed. Today this man is an



A Sample of the "Mental Birthmark": A Little Girl Whose Mother Had Yearned for Corn-on-the-Cob Before Her Birth, and Who, as She Grew Up, Couldn't Resist, Whenever Passing a Cornfield, the Impulse to Rush Into It and Gnaw on the Green Ears.

English teacher."

It was perhaps a fortunate thing that this expectant mother who did not get what she expected, grabbed her knees. I am sure that a fish mark on the knee of a male teacher would not retard his career seriously. But, suppose she had not touched herself and it had gone in to mark him mentally, like the corn-minded child, giving him an irresistible desire to rush into every cornfield store and gnaw on smoked herring.

Apparently it is not enough for the mother to avoid frights and disappointments. She should take too much notice of anything she does not want to see appear as an extra added feature in her expected child. Otherwise how account for this one?

"This woman lived in the country and she fed the calves. After they would get done eating they would suck each other's ears. This was on her mind and when her child was born she had a calf's ear and Dr. Duffy cut it off."

Even such humble forms of vegetable life as berries "make their mark" in the human world. One girl confesses the following family secret:

"On my father's head is a spot just the shape of a cranberry. (The grandfather forgot to bring home some cranberries which the grandmother had planted in the very body.) When my father was born there was a spot on the top of his head just like a

freshman girl makes this statement: "Each year as his birthday draws near a small strawberry starts to grow on his forehead. It grows to be the regular size of any strawberry and ripens and even has seeds in it. This was caused from the mother canning too many strawberries."

Not all experiences of expectant mothers, according to the stories that have come to me through friends and some of my pupils, are unpleasant. Evidently the pre-natal influences sometimes work benignly. There was the case of the mother of Lois Wild of Brooklyn, who made it a point to visit the sculpture gallery of the Brooklyn Museum during the months she was expecting her baby. There she gazed upon the most beautiful sculpture she could find, notably a replica of the Venus of Canova, and wished and wished that her child would be a perfect beauty. When Lois was born she was perfection itself and as she grew up her beauty remained, with the result that she won many prizes for possessing perfect features and grace.

Not so fortunate was the mother of little Jeannette Hogan, who several months before her daughter was born, was frightened by a horse. To the dismay of the family as soon as little Jeannette was able to walk she developed the habit of moving her head up and down and sideways, and stretching her neck as a horse does—this even when she was lying down while standing just as a horse does when it wants to rest. In addition the child would make neighing sounds. But eventually all this was outgrown.

Science says that all these marks are coincidences. When a baby has a Menish, suggestive of some animal or inanimate object, the mother goes to work on her memory to find an incident involving something of the kind. If she can—that even better. There is no nerve connection between the mother and the unborn baby at any stage. She nourishes it with her blood, which is the only link between them. But we are still the same old believing world.

It is related that a mother and her women friends were vainly striving to account for a hole in the small of her baby's back. Finally the father spoke up:

"He was marked through me. That represents the hole his birth made in my pocket-book."

Nijinsky at Last Shocked Out of His Strange Twilight World?

When the Doctors Provided Nijinsky With Paints, Brushes and Canvas, He Produced These Weird Creations Which Were Regarded by Psychiatrists as Clues to the War Between the Different Personalities Which His Damaged Mentality Created.

FOR twenty years Vaslav Nijinsky, greatest ballet dancer of all time, creator of "The Afternoon of a Faun," "The Specter of the Rose," and "Narcissus," has been living in a fantastic twilight world.

Now he is being shocked out of it. The World War cracked his mentality into two strange, fugitive personalities which according to psychiatrists, sought refuge from a world ravaged by slaughter and death into a realm which they created for themselves, and in which they could live undisturbed and happier, at least, than they could live in the real world.

Nijinsky's sudden riches after his successes, the incredible exertions required by his method of dancing, and the isolation of society, all helped to weaken his mind so that it collapsed under the blow of the war.

Now the two personalities are being slowly brought together by scientific shocks — almost as devastating to his physical self as the shock of war was to his mind. These curative shocks are being administered through the medium of insulin and other drugs.

But it may be necessary for Nijinsky's doctors to bring him from Europe to the United States, if possible, to continue their treatment and possibly fit him again for the resumption of his career in the ballet. The removal to this country, they believe, is the only thing that can assure a permanent cure, because if Nijinsky remains in Europe and realizes that another war is going on, all that science has accomplished may be undone and Nijinsky's mentality may again collapse.

Nijinsky's first sign of madness came twenty years ago when he left a gathering of friends and rushed out into the streets of Paris, crying:

"I must pray to God!"

Hands clasped, eyes closed, he advanced through the darkest streets with a step that was slow yet which displayed his mastery of posture. The Parisian crowds were entertained, but the dancer was nearly run over.

After that, mental collapse was rapid. When Nijinsky learned of new casualties in the war, he was thrown into convulsions.

He became obsessed with the belief that he was partly responsible for the great catastrophe and that he had no right to live in history.

He went about carrying a huge crucifix and talking wildly to all who would listen about the sins of society and the horrors of war.

He gave away his jewels, his money, his art treasures, his clothes — everything valuable that he owned. He went to live in a garret room. He refused to dance and neither his family nor his managers could induce him to resume his career.

It was found that he was suffering from schizophrenia, an incurable mental ailment. In this, one's mentality is split into two or more personalities that think differently, and at times may be at war with one another. He was taken to a private hospital for insane patients at Kreuzlingen, Switzerland. The reason for choosing this country was that it offered a chance of keeping news of the war from him with the greatest care.

There he stayed for twenty years until a short time ago. The active mind was darkened and the marvelously lithe figure was disfigured by sluggish fat. Only at rare moments has he shown that there was a glimmering of reason still lurking in his mind. He was induced to dabble for a few hours at painting and he showed interest when his friend, Serge Lifar, the Russian dancer, performed a few steps for him.

But it is the drug treatment that is shocking Nijinsky back into sanity. The application of insulin and other drugs to mental disease is the discovery of Dr. Manfred Sakel, of Vienna, and it was he who gave the treatment to Nijinsky. Just as mental strain and fear of the war had shocked Nijinsky into insanity, so the drugs are shocking him back to sanity.

He is not yet fully restored. In fact, his fat, rather unwieldy figure is a shock to those who remembered the exquisitely graceful, almost feminine form when he danced "The Afternoon of a Faun" and other masterpieces. In the administration of the shock treatment for insanity an enormous dose of drugs is given the patient by hypodermic injection.

Only a short step, it is said, separates the patient from death. The doctor examines him from time to time, lifting an eyelid to note how far the pupil has contracted and thus to gauge the depth of the coma. Nurses feed the patient from the faint pulsing of blood through the veins.

After a few hours the patient is awakened and a sweet, life-saving, insulin-counteracting solution of sugar and water is poured into the stomach through a rubber tube inserted in a nostril.

The waking process is said to be terrible

Nijinsky as He Appears Today, Flabby and Wrinkled and Showing the Ravages of His Suffering, and No Longer Bearing Any Resemblance to the Youthful Figure on the Right, Which Shows Him in His Great Success "The Specter of the Rose."

The World War's Havoc Split the Famous Dancer's Mind Into Two Personalities That Took Refuge in a Realm of Fantasy, and Now Science Is Jolting Them Back to Reality

to contemplate. It shows how severe the shock has been, how far gone the patient's consciousness. He utters terrifying animal-like sounds. Sometimes he throws up the vital sugar. In such cases the doctor and nurse come swiftly with syringes and hypodermic needles. A tourniquet is tied around the arm, the needle plunged into a vein and more sugar solution injected. The delay of even a minute may mean death.

Nurses watch over him, tightening restraints about to keep the awakening patient from throwing himself out of bed. Arms, rigid as boards, are thrust into the air, fingers spread stiffly apart. Inhuman grimaces distort the half-conscious face.

The danger comes from the fact that if the counteracting sugar reaches the patient's blood a minute too late, he will die. It is said that the struggle back from the unconscious state is a dreadful experience and that no matter how improved he may be, he usually returns for a short time while awakening, to his former mentally disordered state.

Dr. Sakel's discovery of the value of insulin shock for treating mental disease was the outcome of his studies of drug addiction. Large doses of insulin, he found, alleviated the withdrawal symptoms which are created by morphine addicts undergoing treatment. Accordingly, he started giving insulin to mental patients, but in much larger doses than with morphine addicts.

The theory of the treatment is that it sets up "insulin shock," a state the reverse of diabetes. In that disease the body uses up sugar too fast and the amount of sugar in the blood falls below normal level. It was at first a surprise to the doctor when a patient recovered from the insulin shock to find his mental condition also greatly improved.

Dr. Sakel, who is now in New York, was formerly on the staff of the Neurological and Psychological Clinic of the University of Vienna. He has used other drugs besides insulin in treating mental diseases.

"Nijinsky may dance again," said Dr. Sakel. "I have treated him with my 'pharmacological shock treatment,' as it is known to medical science and he has shown great improvement. Briefly, the treatment consists of jolting the patient through drugs back to nor-

mal awareness, waking him out of his dream state.

So far, the treatment seems to have been successful. Recently Serge Lifar, the ballet master of the Paris Opera, visited Nijinsky and danced for him. Nijinsky was delighted and made several attempts to imitate Lifar and do some steps of his own. This seems to indicate that his interest in the dance has not died, and if he recovers sufficiently he may dance again.

"It was in 1936 that the Nijinsky Foundation of London, which safeguards the dancer's interests, first called me to examine him in the asylum at Kreuzlingen, Switzerland. I felt, at that time, that the treatments would be a waste of time in his particular case, for Nijinsky had been hopelessly insane with 'schizophrenia,' or split personality, since 1919.

"After the first few treatments, however, he recovered sufficiently to leave the asylum

and go to Geneva with his daughter, Kyrä. They went to a hotel there for tea and Nijinsky danced with his daughter. His behavior was 'inconspicuous,' he attracted no attention and was seemingly normal.

"In a few months he was able to leave the asylum and live quietly with his wife in a hotel at Aedoboden, Switzerland.

"At this time I was invited by a group of American physicians to give a course of training in this country of my treatment. My assistants in Switzerland have carried out the treatments which I began on Nijinsky and he has improved considerably.

"Of course, I cannot say whether he will ever be able to dance professionally after so many years of insanity, or whether the United States Government will permit him to come to this country to continue treatments under my personal supervision. Nor is it possible to predict that he will be permanently cured."

One attempt to bring Nijinsky's mind into order again was made by M. Paul Chopol, the distinguished French diplomat and former Ambassador to the United States. He believed that if something could be found to interest Nijinsky he might slowly be brought out of his "mental twilight." The dancer had shown some ability as a painter in earlier years and made several attempts to imitate Lifar and do some steps of his own. This seems to indicate that his interest in the dance has not died, and if he recovers sufficiently he may dance again.

Three hours later, when the nurse returned, she found Nijinsky painting feverishly. His pictures showed distinct artistic merit, although lacking in quality. One showed a human eye, made up of globes and circles, others were of human figures, a succession of innumerable small curves. Many of the lines in the drawings recalled dance movements which the artist had himself created.

His water-colors, pastels and sketches were of such psychological interest that the late Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung, of Vienna, advised Madame Nijinsky to exhibit them. A collection of more than 50, illustrating the progressive stages of the dancer's insanity were exhibited in New York in 1932.

As if detesting the brilliant colors and barbaric splendor of the Russian ballets Nijinsky turned to the macabre, painting sombre colors, relieved only by a few lines. But his interest in painting slowly passed away.

When Nijinsky first entered the asylum he had plenty of money and trustees were appointed to watch over his interests. But after ten years it became a serious matter for his family to raise funds to support Nijinsky in the private asylum.

It was then that his wife Romola, in order

to raise funds, wrote his life story, which soon became a best seller. It was in this book that Madame Nijinsky revealed that her husband had two brothers, both of whom were insane.

Nijinsky started dancing at an early age and soon outshone his father in remarkable feats of leaping and other ballet steps. His thighs became as hard as marble and his feet as limble as a bird's.

It was 30 years ago, when Nijinsky was 19, that his art captivated Europe. In 1900, Serge Diaghileff, the Russian impresario, brought the Imperial Ballet Russe to Paris and the young dancer achieved the distinction of shocking Parisians with the daring ballet, "The Afternoon of a Faun," to the music of Claude Debussy.

When the premiere was given at the Chatelet Theatre the liberal-minded French patrons suffered a painful surprise. They had been used to formal ballets, danced on toes, the dancers clothed in puff skirts of yards of tulle. But Nijinsky personated a faun and the dancers who assisted him portrayed the nymphs he wooed. One critic, Cyril W. Beaumont, said:

"He is so ordinary fair. He has absorbed something of every description we have ever heard ascribed to such beings. The naughty gestures, the quaint contortions, the childish movements, nothing is forgotten."

Nijinsky's leap to fame was even more spectacular than that of the incomparable Anna Pavlova. He went on to new triumphs in the "Specter of the Rose" which he was called "the man of whom the birds are jealous." To this ballet, Nijinsky leaped from the center of a huge rose on the stage, out of a window into the wings. No one had ever seen such soaring agility. When asked how he did it, Nijinsky replied: "You have just to go up and pause there a little."

Meanwhile Serge Diaghileff had brought together a company of composers and stage-designers whose job it was to create ballets and stage-sets solely to display the art of Nijinsky. Leon Bakst, Henri Matisse, Braque, Picasso and Derain designed costumes and sets which revolutionized stage design and brought them fame. Composers such as Stravinsky, Ravel, Debussy and Poulenc wrote ballets for Nijinsky, which launched the "modern" school of the dance.

Nijinsky is now 49 years old. It would indeed be astonishing if he should dance in public again. Twenty years of insanity would stiffen muscles even as gifted as his. But he may begin to build his art again and perhaps teach it in America.

A Caricature Made at the Height of Nijinsky's Parisian Success by the Artist Montongre, Fancifully Picturing the Dancer in Rimsky-Korsakov's Famous "Scheherazade."

Romola, His Wife, Whose Biography of Nijinsky Became a Best Seller and Helped Revive His Fortune, Most of Which He Had Given Away During the Early Stages of His Madness.

Laughing Girl

By
George F. Worts

Beginning a Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure by the Author of "The Green Angel," "The Return of George Washington," "The Greenfield Mystery" and Other Successful Novels, Who Occupies a Foremost Place Among the Country's Best-Known Fiction Writers.



"I Suppose That Gun Is Loaded and You Wouldn't Hesitate to Shoot Me if You Had to," Said Peter, Surprisingly Lifting the Telephone.
"I wouldn't Hesitate if It Were Necessary," Replied the Girl.

Beyond the hotel, across an alley, were the fire house and the police station. But she didn't cross the alley. She stopped beside an iron ladder bolted to the yellow brick wall. It ran about fifteen feet up the face of the building to the lower platform of a fire escape.

She looked quickly up and down the street, which was deserted. Peter Storm was in the shadow of the building. Before he could call to her again, she had started to climb the ladder.

She reached the platform and began to climb the steel stairway to the third floor. A hot draft of the desert wind belled her skirt about her knees and she suddenly became a figure of romance and mystery bent upon some improbable errand entirely in harmony with the desert night. And Peter Storm wondered why she had stared at him across the roulette table with dismay, why she had left so abruptly, and why she was climbing the fire escape.

She passed the third floor platform and continued to climb. For a few seconds she was lost to the diffusion of neon lights along the street and in shadow, became a phantom moving mysteriously against the white glitter of the Nevada stars. Reaching the fourth floor, she deliberately climbed over

and took from it a small automatic pistol. This she aimed at Peter Storm's chest. Her blue eyes, after their first alarm, became steady and alert.

She said pleasantly: "Please stay where you are, Mr. Storm," and her voice still had the rich, golden quality that had attracted him in the Boulder Club.

Peter Storm took two steps forward to find out if she really meant business, and he learned from the tightening of the muscles about her eyes that she did. What he saw, in addition to her determination, was momentary fear. And he was aware that more triggers are pulled by fear than by courage.

Peter Storm was a tall, lanky young man with a smooth easy way of moving. He backed away until, with one hand groping behind him, he found the small table on which the telephone stood. He surreptitiously lifted the telephone out of its holder and pressed his palm over the receiver, so that the inquiring voice of the switchboard girl would not be heard by the girl with the automatic pistol.

He waited a moment and said in his deep, slightly harsh voice, "I suppose that gun is loaded."

She said promptly, "It is, Mr. Storm," with only the slightest catch of her breath. "And you wouldn't hesitate to shoot me if you had to."

She seemed puzzled. Her eyes became more wary. "I wouldn't hesitate, Mr. Storm, if it were necessary."

It seemed to Peter Storm that she was handling the situation in a firm but civilized manner. She was not a nervous girl with a pistol in her hand. She might be a desperate girl but she wasn't nervous and he concluded that she wasn't afraid. Her air was composed and businesslike. Yet she was not hard-boiled. She was apparently well-bred, she was obviously intelligent, and she was certainly resourceful and resourceful.

"I don't suppose," she said lightly, "you'd tell me where it is."
"You might as well shoot," Peter said. "There isn't anything of the slightest value to you in those suitcases."

HER smile was brief but charming. She was being as gracious as if they were having tea together. And this interested Peter much more than if she had been brittle with fear, or hard-boiled, because it meant, if this case should prove not so hopeless as it now looked, she was apt to be quite dangerous.

Holding the pistol in her right hand, she with her left she was removing what remained in the second suitcase. Her hands were long and slender, evenly and beautifully tanned, and they gave an impression of great vitality.

She took out shirts, socks and shorts. She felt them carefully, then shook them out before tossing them aside. And she seemed to be paying no attention to Peter Storm. Her brown hair with its reddish tint, had a soft wave, and sometimes fell forward when she bent over, and when it did it concealed one eye. And for moments at a time, he saw nothing but the smooth young curve of one tanned cheek.

There were, he reflected, people who would have kept on walking toward her, people who would have said lightly, "Don't be silly; you know you haven't any intention of shooting me." He was not, alas, one of them.

Peter Storm was not a gambler. He had no faith in luck. He had found that the only way he ever accomplished anything was to grasp his opportunity and leave nothing to chance.

Watching this attractive, competent stranger gutting his suitcase, he realized that she was obviously fitted for this kind of work. She was daring and ruthless. She typified the kind of person an industrial undercover agent must always match his wits against. But although Peter Storm had been the confidential agent of the Allied American Metals Corporation for three years, and had dealt with a number of amazingly clever adversaries, she was the first he had encountered who was not only amazingly clever, but amazingly beautiful.

As he watched her with appreciation, the door suddenly opened and a big man in khaki walked in. There had been no knock. His face was a study of mingled anger and concern. They were looking for trouble. He was holding a large black revolver in one hand.

"Put that thing down," he said curtly. The girl promptly dropped her hand. Her eyes were large with surprise, but she wasn't frightened. She looked belligerent.

Peter Storm said in amazement: "What's the meaning of this?"

The intruder's sharp blue eyes left the

(Continued on Next Page)

CHAPTER I

THERE were stacks of silver dollars on the table before her and each time the wheel was spun, it seemed to Peter Storm, the little white ball dropped into one of her numbers and the dealer pushed another stack of silver toward her.

Afterward, Peter Storm wasn't at all sure he hadn't seen her somewhere before—on a train, perhaps, or a plane, with her face glowing with excitement as it was now, her dark blue eyes half-moored with laughter and oblivious to everyone about her. Yet she was not a girl he would have readily forgotten, even after a glimpse or two. The impact of her personality was too electrifying.

She was not more than twenty-two. She wore a sleeveless white linen dress in the prevailing peasant style against which her arms, face and throat were golden brown, and there was a small bunch of fresh cornflowers in her hair, above the left temple, one shade less blue than her eyes.

Each time the dealer pushed a stack of silver dollars toward her, she murmured, "I did it again!" Then she laughed at the dealer who was all white—white shirt, chalk-white face and ivory-white hair—and said, "I'm sorry," and, in the same breath, "Isn't it wonderful?" Her eyes when she laughed were

sapphire flares and even the dealer was smiling.

Peter Storm found a space at the table and bought a stack of fifty-cent chips and began to play his favorites. The girl was across from him and unaware of him. With her deep clear blue eyes, her rather large laughing mouth, she was either beautiful or it didn't matter.

She hadn't been in the desert long, her skin was too smooth and too soft. After watching her eyes for a while, Peter Storm decided she wasn't married; therefore, she wasn't in Nevada for a divorce. He guessed she was a tourist, here, probably, with her parents to see Boulder Dam.

She lost heavily on three spins of the wheel, then won. She laughed, "I did it again!" The dealer pushed a pile of silver dollars across the table to her. Then her half-moored eyes discovered Peter Storm's brown face, with its V-lined forehead, its amused green eyes, and her laughter stopped, her smile gave way to an expression of dismay, and in the instant before she recovered herself she reminded him of a girl who has just glanced at a clock and realized she has missed her train.

She opened her large white-knitted bag and methodically stored her winnings in it. A stack toppled over and a dollar rolled off

the table. A wrinkled old man who looked like a prospector picked it up and said reprovingly, "You shouldn't quit yet, miss; your luck's still running," and she laughed and said, "Partner, my luck's gone. I could feel it run out."

She took the heavy purse to the cashier's window and exchanged most of the silver for bills. As she passed the roulette table, she hesitated a moment, placed a silver dollar on thirty-four, and walked out of the Boulder Club.

Mystified and uncomfortable, Peter Storm watched her until she vanished. He was tempted to follow her. He wanted to know why one glimpse of him had spoiled roulette for her.

There was a ripple of laughter about the table. The wheel was spinning slowly enough so that he could see the number into which the ball had fallen. Thirty-four.

"Watch my chips," he said to the dealer. "I'll tell her."

He walked out into the Street. The impact of the desert heat, after the air-conditioning of the Boulder Club, was like a puff of dry powder in his face, and his first inhalation of the hot dry air, with its faint spicy smell of desert brush, seemed to scorch his nostrils.

Heat lightning was flickering above the mountains about Railroad Pass. He saw the girl as she turned the Comanche Hotel corner, and he yelled, "Hey! Wait a minute! But she didn't hear him. When he reached the corner, she had passed the hotel entrance, walking rapidly.

the rail. Facing the bulking and clinging to the rail with one hand, she reached out with the other for a window frame just beyond.

Peter Storm was perceiving, and not entirely because of the risk she was taking. He had just realized that the corner window, which was her obvious objective, was the window of his room.

Still holding to the rail with her left hand, she put against the pane with her right, opened the window, and climbed into the room.

PETER STORM waited until the light came on. His amusement was gone. He was no longer enchanted or entertained. He was slightly disgusted, for it was evident now that she was merely a bold young woman working against him in a case that already seemed hopeless.

He went into the lobby, secured his key at the desk, and took the automatic elevator to the fourth floor. He went down the hall to his room and listened. Hearing faint sounds he quietly unlocked the door and went in. He closed the door softly behind him.

The girl whose bright laughter had intrigued him was standing at the foot of the bed busily engaged in rooting through his suitcases. They had been locked. She had slashed them open, and the contents of one of them were strewn over bed and floor. She was dismembering the other suitcase when she saw him.

The vandal swiftly reached into his white-knitted purse, which was lying on the bed,

SELECTED FICTION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

guttered suitcase, and jerked from the girl's face to Peter's. "What's going on here?" he said harshly.

"That that gun away," Peter said in an angry voice. "Who are you?"

The man stared a moment and his face became a darker red. "The house detective," he said. "I'll take that gun."

"You'd do nothing of the kind," Peter said.



said. He moved over to the girl, took the automatic pistol from her hand and dropped it into his coat pocket. He turned to the house detective, and said curtly, "Explain your self."

The house detective's small blue eyes were growing pink. His large square face became a darker shade of red. He had the look of a man whose suspicions are virtually a certainty. He had lowered the revolver to his side, but the muzzle still up.

"A lot of suspicious stuff came over the switchboard from this room," he said heavily. "Your light flashed, but no one answered. The girl heard a very suspicious conversation going on in this room."

Peter glanced down at the telephone, which was lying on the table beside its black cradle. He glanced at the girl with a faint smile in which there was a hint of malice.

"That's odd," he said.

"That it?" the girl said.

"What's going on here?" the house detective said belligerently. "What were you doing with a gun and what happened to these suitcases?"

"It is customary in this hotel," Peter said pleasantly, "to question what your guests say and what they do?"

"My job," the house detective answered angrily, "is to know what's going on. If anything suspicious is going on in this hotel, it's my job."

"Is it your job," the girl interrupted, "to burst in upon guests without knocking—with a revolver in your hand?" She laughed suddenly, as if she found the detective a ridiculous spectacle.

THE MAN'S face was now brick-red. Before he could answer, Peter said: "You had no right to walk into this room without knocking, you know. I think you'd better go."

"You might have taken the pains," the girl said with amusement, "to inquire who we are. This gentleman is Peter Storm, of the Allied Metals Corporation."

The house detective looked dubious and confused and definitely perplexed. "And who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Storm's fiancée."

"Are you a guest in this hotel?"

"I was," she said softly, "until you came in here."

"What's your room number?"

"Two-seventeen."

"How," the house detective said angrily, "was I to know? It sounded like a stick-up to me. What were you doing with that gun? What happened to these suitcases?"

Peter Storm laughed. "Is it your habit to pry into every personal quarrel that takes place in this hotel?"

The house detective's face was now purple. "After this, you better be more careful," he said in a thick voice. "And see that your telephone isn't off the hook. You've caused a lot of trouble and inconvenience."

"So have you," the girl said.

Peter went to the door and opened it. The house detective glared at the girl, then at him, then walked heavily out. Obviously, he had been enjoying his authority, and he was now a bewildered and angry man.

When Peter turned back to the girl, she was taking a pack of cigarettes and a pad of matches out of her white purse. She had evidently no intention of trying to get away. She lighted a cigarette. Her hands weren't shaking.

She was watching him not so much guardedly as with admiration. If he had expected her to be brazen at this point, he was disappointed. She wasn't smiling, but there was a glow in her eyes.

"That," she said pleasantly, "was awfully

Starting Today—LAUGHING GIRL—1940's Outstanding New Serial

clever. Mr. Storm—that telephone stunt? She was composed. She said lightly, "Well, I've certainly got myself into a spot. Thanks for not having me arrested."

Peter was thinking of the ease with which she had handled the house detective. "I haven't decided not to have you arrested," he said. "Who are you?"

"My name is Sandra Page. Cigarette?"

She held out the pack.

Peter Storm shook his head. "That doesn't explain anything."

"I'm Hilary Logan's niece,"

Peter looked as if he were about to laugh. Crinkles appeared at his eye corners. He said, "That still doesn't explain anything, Miss Page."

Her eyelids came down a little, and the impression her eyes gave was one of deliberate hostility. Even when she smiled it remained.

She said with a chiding air, "Oh, come now, Mr. Storm. Honestly in the best policy. You spent two hours late this afternoon with my uncle in his laboratory at Three Tree Ranch. You went there as the representative of the Allied Metals Corporation. No one is supposed to know that, of course."

"To buy it," Peter Storm said gently. "We don't steal, Miss Page. And we don't carve open people's suitcases."

She said airily, "Yes, I know. Everything fair and above-board. That's why you're about who you are. And maybe it explains why, less than an hour after you left the ranch, the laboratory blew up and my uncle and his assistant, Simon Ketzler, were killed. And I'm awfully glad to know that you stop at carving open people's suitcases. A nice clean-cut robbery and a nice job of murder—"

the truth until I went through these suitcases. Your company sent you here to buy or steal the formula for loganite."

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She said airily, "Yes, I know. Everything fair and above-board. That's why you're about who you are. And maybe it explains why, less than an hour after you left the ranch, the laboratory blew up and my uncle and his assistant, Simon Ketzler, were killed. And I'm awfully glad to know that you stop at carving open people's suitcases. A nice clean-cut robbery and a nice job of murder—"

PETER interrupted: "How do you know that laboratory was deliberately blown up?"

"When I heard you'd been there," Sandra Page answered pleasantly. "I assumed it."

Peter gazed at her thoughtfully. He wondered just how much he should say. How much did she know? He chose his words carefully: "I was sent to your uncle by my company to close the deal for loganite."

"He wanted us to manufacture the metal because he and our president are old friends. Negotiations of this kind are always conducted secretly. And I did not get the formula for loganite."

Her deep blue eyes were probing and skeptical and hopeful. She sat down on the end of the bed. "If you had got that formula this afternoon," she said calmly, "it would have been to your interest to kill my uncle and destroy his laboratory."

"Not necessarily," Peter said.

"You can't deny," she murmured, "that big corporations can be ruthless. My uncle's mistake was in not realizing how valuable loganite is, and his second was in trusting you at all."

Peter was watching her eyes, her mouth. He said, "Your uncle and I had only a preliminary talk this afternoon. We went over the laboratory tests my company has been making with the stuff, discussed its possibilities, and we came to an agreement on the royalties he was to receive. That was all, Miss Page. I was going back tomorrow afternoon with the contracts, which won't be here until the morning air mail comes in."

Sandra Page got up quickly from the bed. "But if you're telling the truth," she said breathlessly, "that formula won't be found. It was destroyed with everything else. Have you seen what that explosion did?"

"Yes."

"Did you know that there was hardly enough of my uncle found to identify him, and practically nothing at all of Simon Ketzler?"

"Well?" Peter said. "Something must have gone wrong with an experiment and there was an explosion."

"But," she said eagerly, "if someone blew up the laboratory it would definitely mean that someone had been planning to get the formula and had succeeded."

And if it's in existence, it's mine. My uncle left everything in his will. And I want that formula."

Peter Storm nodded. "That's understandable. It's worth millions, and if you can get it and establish that, you're Hilary Logan's sole heir. My company will gladly make the same terms with you that we would have made with him."

Sandra Page was smoking another cigarette. She was

taking small avid puffs. She cried: "You don't understand. I haven't any intention of selling it to anybody. I want to destroy it. I don't know much about it, but I do know that it's an atomic process for making a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, and as far as I'm concerned, it's nothing but another war weapon—something to make war-plans faster and lighter than airplanes, and bombs penetrate deeper. It would make war just one degree more horrible."

She turned to the desk and crushed out her cigarette in the glass pen tray. She turned back. Her face was flushed. Her eyes looked enormous. "If that formula is still in existence, and if I can get my hands on it, I intend to destroy it. But I'll make a gentleman's agreement with you. I trust you. And I need help. On the slim assumption that it exists, will you work with me—and whichever one of us gets it can keep it—if he can hang onto it?"

There was no telling, Peter reflected, how much this girl knew, or what she planned to do. To safeguard his own plans, he must not let her out of his sight. He smiled and said, "All right. It's a deal."

"Will you shake hands on it?"

HE THOUGHT of himself standing on the sidewalk thirty feet below as she climbed through his window, and he thought of her composure when he came into this room, and her calmness when the house detective came in, and he knew that she was many times as clever as she was permitting him to suspect.

He held out his hand and clasped hers. Hers was warm and dry, and the skin felt smooth. Her fingers were strong. She was looking up into his eyes not only with her challenge but with more than a remnant of the hostility that had puzzled him before.

She said softly: "No holds barred?"

"No holds barred," Peter said, and meant it.

"Let's," she said, withdrawing her hand, "pool what we know and clasped hers. He said, "I can't contribute much," she said.

"My uncle sent to New York for me, told me to fly out, and I landed at the airport here on the afternoon plane. We were held up by bad weather east of Salt Lake City, and it was dark when we came in. When I reached the ranch, the laboratory was in ruins. I heard you'd been the last man to see my uncle alive. I assumed, whoever you were, that you had the formula and had somehow planted a time bomb to go off after you'd left. I think I was mistaken."

"Thank you," Peter murmured.

She went on: "I came back to town and tried to find you. Actually, I wanted to make sure you weren't in your hotel room. Someone told me you'd gone into the Boulder Club. I dropped in, and you were pointed out to me. I started playing roulette, so that I could watch you and make sure you'd stay there long enough for me to come up here and search your things. Then I started to win and got so excited I forgot all about you until I saw you again across the table. I saw you'd bought chips, and I thought I'd have enough time to go through your things."

Peter Storm had dropped his hands into his coat pockets. His left hand encountered her automatic pistol. He took out the pistol and pulled back the breech block. The chamber was empty. There was no clip in the butt.

He said gently: "You're a smart gambler. The trouble was your luck stayed behind."

Her eyes became large. "Don't tell me thirty-four came up," she breathed.

"Yes."

She stared at him wildly a moment, then

her eyes became half-moons and she began to laugh. Her laughter was free and fresh and joyous. She cried: "Oh, I love that! I did it again! And you courteously followed me to tell me. And saw me climb into this room!"

"Not so courteously," Peter murmured. "I wanted to know why one glimpse of me had frightened you away from your winning streak, and I wanted to know where I'd seen you before."

Her eyes were still half-moons, and her mouth was still tremulous with mirth. "Ah! Aren't you used to seeing people frightened when they look at you?"

"Only children under six," he answered. "Certainly not girls who brazenly climb in windows thirty feet above solid concrete sidewalks to commit vandalism."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Storm. I'll gladly buy you two new suitcases. Had you seen me before?"

He said wryly: "I don't know. Had I?"

Her eyes were wide and serene. "I don't know, Mr. Storm. Of course, I've seen your pictures in the papers, but that hardly counts."

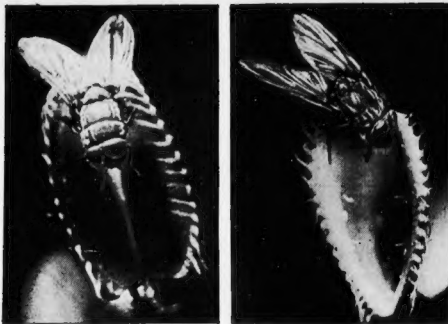
He said with distaste: "Oh, yes—the newspapers."

She laughed softly, with derision. "Well, haven't you asked for it? My Aunt Agatha told me that gentlemen who stick their chins out should always carry lint. If I were the kind that frightens easily, I'd have had an excuse for running, wouldn't I? Or are all these unsavory stories just window-dressing for your job—or camouflage?"

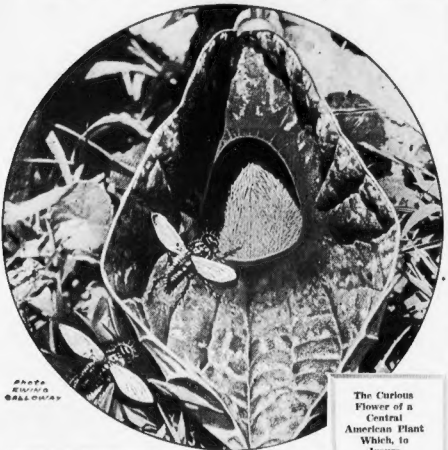
(Continued on Page 12)



As the Dealer Pushed a Pile of Silver Dollars Towards Her, the Girl Laughed; "Fee Done It Again." Then Her Eyes Discovered Peter Storm's Brown Face and Her Laughter Stopped. Her Smile Changed Into an Expression of Dismay and in the Instant Before She Recovered Herself, She Reminded Him of a Girl Who Has Just Glanced at a Clock and Realized She Has Missed Her Train.



Remarkable Series of Photographs Showing a Venus Fly Trap Catching a Fly.
1—The Fly Stops to See What the Attractive Leaf Has to Offer. 2—It Comes in Contact With the Sensative Hair-like Objects on the Leaf.



The Curious Flower of a Central American Plant Which, to Insure Pollination of Its Species, Lures Flies Into Its Pouch by a Carrot-like Odor, Closes Up and Holds Them Prisoners for a Night, Entertaining Them With an Intoxicating Nectar, and Then Releases Them Next Morning, All Covered With Pollen, to Fertilize Another Plant.

SCIENCE has recently discovered that trees, bushes and plants have "nerves," muscles, a sense of sight, taste and touch, and what amounts to an equivalent of the circulation of blood. These scientific researches and experiments have, indeed, demonstrated such a close relationship between the plant world and the animal world that the results are startling and seem almost beyond belief.

There are plants that eat meat and almost every other kind of food, including skimmed milk. Plants have pretty good substitutes for eyes, and among other of their senses there are one or two that are even better than the corresponding human senses.

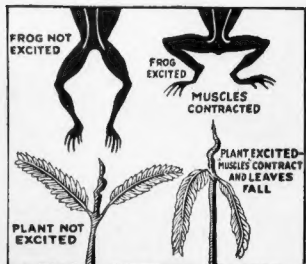
Plants have been found to have what amount to muscles, and by making limbs and twigs exercise these muscles the plants increase their strength very much as an athlete increases the strength of his arms by swinging Indian clubs or lifting weights.

Plants are found to be sensitive to anaesthetics and to have a sex sense.

Like a human being or the family dog, too easy a life weakens them, and the further and surprising discovery has been made that plants enjoy vacations and a change of scene.

There are plant loafers and parasites and vicious, murderous plants that hunt, kill and eat animals.

Indeed, so close is the resemblance between some plants and some animals that scientists have been in doubt how to classify them. Thus some kinds of the sea anemone strangely resemble in form and color ocean plants and yet exhibit habits which seem like those of animals.



How the Muscles of a Frog Contract When Excited by an Electric Current, and How the "Muscles" of a Sensitive Plant Behave Under the Same Stimulus. About the Only Difference Is That the Frog's Legs Draw Up While the Plant's Leaves Drop Down.

The plant world has its camels which go without a drink for weeks or months, and its tigers, which eat nothing but raw meat.

There are plants which are farsighted and save up for a rainy day, or rather, in their case, for dry and foodless ones.

Besides the plant criminals, there are plants that spend all their lives sponging on their relatives or on society.

Plants get sick very much as human beings do, and run a fever when they are ill.

Some kinds of them suffer from tumors which scientists consider to be quite similar to human cancers.

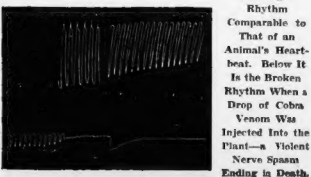
There are plants with memories and plants that spend occasional jaunts to the mountains just as tired business men think that they do. There are gland chemicals in plants that make dwarfs or giants just as is true of humans.

Insects carry diseases from plant to plant just as the mosquito carries malaria from one human being to another. Both with plants and with mankind it is the biting, sucking insect that does the infecting. And in plants as with individual men, some have resistance and are immune.

Many plant diseases are caused by a virus just as many human ailments are known to be caused by a virus—infantile paralysis and sleeping sickness, for example. A virus is a cause of infection too small to be seen with a microscope, and so minute that it passes through a filter which will stop and screen out the smallest of bacteria. And, just as vaccines have been made to inject into human beings to cure virus infections so, also, plants can be cured by vaccinating them.

Some of the lowliest plants of all seem to experience the tender emotion of love, infallibly

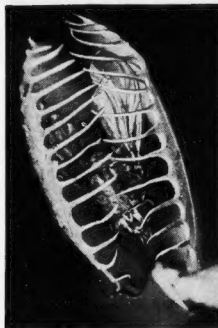
The Pulse of a Plant, as Measured by Dr. Rose, Famous Hindu Scientist, With His Delicate Apparatus and Showing a Rhythm Comparable to That of an Animal's Heart-beat. Below It Is the Broken Rhythm When a Drop of Cobra Venom Was Injected Into the Plant—A Violent Nerve Spasm Ending in Death.



Startling Similarity of Plants and Animals



3—Under This Stimulus to the Plant's "Nerves" the Leaf Begins to Fold Up Quickly, Like the Palms of the Hands Closing and Grasping an Object.



4—The Next Stage—in a Fraction of a Second—is Shown Above When the Edges of the Leaf Firmly Impenetrable Bars to This Living Prison.



5—The Leaf Closes and Settles Down to Pour Its Digestive Fluids Upon the Fly Which It Has Trapped.

6—Having Absorbed the Nutrient of the Digested It, the Leaf Opens, the Out and the Trap Is Ready for the Next

naked and helpless droplets of protoplasm in the warm and noying waters of the primeval ocean many millions of years after the first was formed. Rock specimens containing fossils, and some of which can be dated quite accurately by means of radium minerals which contain, prove that this beginning of life on earth must have been about a billion and a half years ago.

Since then all the great groups of plants and animals have split off from each other during the process of evolution, and each group has divided

billions of times into the different plants, living and extinct, and the even greater number of kinds of animals.

The first division between plants and animals is supposed to have been started by need of food. In the very beginning, when life on earth had just started, it is probable that the ocean contained a good deal of chemical food material so that the first living cells never knew what it was to be hungry; perhaps the only real Golden Age of ease that the world ever enjoyed.

Like most good and easy things it could not last forever.

After a time, perhaps a few thousands of years, possibly as many millions, the store of chemical food materials which Nature had provided in the sea for the first living creatures began to run short. Too many living creatures had been produced by multiplication of the first ones.

Gradually they ate up their food supply, which Nature, on a cooling earth, had no way to replenish.

Then it was that two groups of the primeval living creatures must have made the first great decision and separation in the whole course of evolution.

Some of them learned to move their bodies through the ocean and thus to seek out what food supplies were left. They learned the art of swimming; the first thing that could be called an art which any kind of living creature ever learned or needed to learn.

For the first time in earth history a living creature went to work.

These swimmers of the primeval creatures became the ancestors of animals. Step by step they developed more and more complicated bodies. Presently they had worm-like forms and could swim through the water or crawl through the mud. After a few more ages some were like fish, others like shrimps and lobsters, still others had assumed the forms of other kinds of animal life.

Still later, some of the fish-like and shrimp-like creatures independently came out on the land and began the evolution of land animals, but they had been preceded, as animals always have been in pioneering, by the plants.

At the time of the original division when the

recognizing their mates or repelling strangers. Some plants seem to THINK and plan and even murder with motive afterthought.

A year or two ago in Germany, the distinguished botanist, Professor Gotlieb Haberlandt, insisted in an address that there is only one science of physiology, applicable to all living creatures, plants and animals alike. Everything that animals do, there is some plant that can do it also. Everything that plants do, also is done by some animal.

People who are vegetarians and do not believe in eating animal food because it involves taking life or depriving some animal of its rights, really must starve themselves to death if they are logical, for plant life is fundamentally just the same as animal life and there is no reason why plants should not have precisely the same ethical rights as animals.

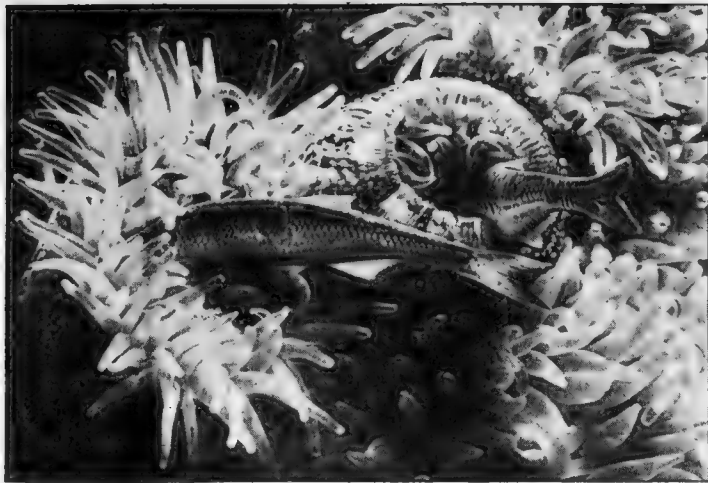
Why plants and animals have so much in common is easy to explain. Both are sprung from the same evolutionary tree. That is why the tissues of both look so much the same under a microscope that scientists sometimes are puzzled to decide whether a specimen belongs to a plant or to an animal.

Both plants and animals are made up out of the tiny living cells which are the units of all life, like the single living cells of the smallest plants such as yeast cells or bacteria and also of the smallest animals such as the microscopic animalcules. Inside these living cells of plants or animals alike the microscope discloses the self-same living jelly called protoplasm.

Plant and animal protoplasms are made of the same materials. Both kinds need the same chemical elements for life and growth. Both are killed by about the same degree of heat and by much the same poisons. Both kinds need water in about the same amounts and live in about the same kinds of solutions of salts and other chemicals. A human body, a pumpkin, a tree, a tiny animalcule, a rose and a blade of grass, all turn out to be about the same if one dissects them down to their tiniest units.

There was a time, scientists believe, when the only life that existed on earth was composed of these units, like the single cells of a human body or of other creatures.

These first living cells probably existed as



A Beautifully Colored Sea Anemone Which Catches, Kills and Devours Fish. After Long Scientific Debate, the Majority of Scientists Decided That the Anemone Is Really an Animal and Not a Plant. But It Has So Many Plant Characteristics That the Difference Is Hard to Define.

Science Concludes That Plants Have the Senses of Sight, Touch and Taste, Some Eat Meat and Other Animal Foods, Have Muscles That Grow Stronger by Exercise and Enjoy Vacations and Changes of Scene—And That They THINK (in Their Own Peculiar Way, of Course), Plan Out Things, and Even Murder With Definite Motives and Malice Aforethought

in the world, both for the plant world itself and for all the billions of animals that eat the plants.

Also, most of the plants still do not move around very much, which they have no need to do since they can sit still and make their own food almost everywhere.

On the other hand, most of the animals still possess the power of moving from place to place more or less at will, while most of the animals lack the plants' abilities at making food.

However, there still are many exceptions, both ways. There are plants that move rapidly from place to place, mostly by aid of water or of air. There also are many plants which have considerable abilities to move parts of their bodies, as will be described in later paragraphs of this article. There are many kinds of plants which do not make food for themselves, but depend on other plants to feed them, precisely as animals do.

On the other hand, there are not a few kinds of animals which seem to have mastered the plants' abilities to make food, some of them even using the same green chlorophyll that plants use for this purpose.

And there is quite a series of animals which have lost the power of easy movement that characterizes most of their kindred and never move at all, or move only during a certain part of their lives, like the oysters which swim about in the ocean when they are extremely young but soon settle down somewhere on the bottom and thereafter move no more than the average tree does, probably not even as much.

Also, there still survive some creatures which botanists and zoologists never have been able to agree whether to call plants or animals, since they have the essential properties of both groups. Among these are some of the microscopic plant-animals which make up the greenish films that sometimes form on lakes or ponds in the Spring and which even a small microscope will show to consist of tiny living cells, many of them able to swim about as one-celled animals do but also containing the green chlorophyll and making their food just as plants do.

So the plants that eat as animals do and the kind of animals which live a vegetative existence almost like a plant, all have ample historical authority for their habits. All of them reinforce

Professor Haberlandt's idea that there is only one kind of biology: that of both plants and animals.

Certainly nothing seems farther from the usual habits of a plant than to hunt and eat meat for food, like a human hunter or a tiger, yet there are both water plants and land plants that do this. Among the land plants are the famous Venus Fly Trap and other plants which trap insects and even small animals like mice, digest their bodies and live on the proceeds.

Among the water plants are the remarkable bladderworts, which seem actually to lie in wait under water for unwary animalcules or small swimming insects, trap these luckless members of the animal world and proceed to eat and digest them.

The Venus Fly Trap possesses a set of machinery which would be a credit to many animals. On the inner surfaces of two leaves which fit together much like the palms of one's two hands when pressed palm to palm there are a number of small projecting hairs. These are the triggers which spring the trap. Ordinarily the plant lies in wait close to the surface of the swampy land where it prefers to grow, with these two leaves spread out flat and separately, the small trigger hairs projecting into the air. Presently some luckless fly or other insect comes along and lights on the inviting flat surface of one of the leaves. Usually, the insect happens to touch one of the trigger hairs.

Instantly the trap closes, the two leaves folding in together suddenly as though they were worked by electricity or by springs. At the edges of the leaves there are some spines and hairs like stiff eyelashes. These interlock as the leaves close together, so that the insect is trapped.

Once the leaves are closed, digestive juices not unlike those of a human stomach are poured out



The Extraordinary Animal-Mimicking, *Dionaea muscipula*, a Member of the Orchid Family, Which Thrives Upon Meat and Insects and Is Shown Here Being Fed With a Bit of Hamburger Steak by Its Owner, William C. King, Texas Florist. Very Curious Indeed Is the Animal-Like Appearance of These Plants, Like Denizens of Another Planet.

into the closed space between the two leaves. The body of the insect is soon digested and the nutriment from it absorbed by the plant. Many of the lower animals have less successful and efficient machinery for catching and digesting other animals to use for food.

Other kinds of meat-eating plants have deep, narrow tubes. The upper ends are open and their inside surfaces extremely slippery. If an insect happens to alight just on one of these upper edges, in search of honey or other food material which may be inside, the insect is likely to lose its footing and shoot down into the pit below, at the bottom of which there is again the killing and digestive fluid which lets the plant absorb nutriment from the insect's body.

The reports from Madagascar and elsewhere of meat-eating plants large and voracious enough to

(Continued on Page 13)



Recent Reports of Actual Man-eating Plants on the Island of Madagascar and in the African Districts May Have a Real Basis of Truth. The Illustration Is That of an Explorer's Description of This Plant With a Woman Offered to It as Sacrifice. It for Its Size Is Not Essentially Different From Certain Carnivorous Plants Which Are Well Known to Science.

animals learned to move, the first plants ched off in another way and learned another of making food. By means of a green called chlorophyll which all green plants possess, or perhaps by means of some primitive chemical relative of this chemical, the first cells made new food materials out of water one of the gases still present in small amounts in the air, the gas called carbon dioxide.

That first great division between plants and animals still persists. Most of the plants still have their job the making of sugar and other food materials out of carbon dioxide and water, in which they use the energy of sunlight. This is the process which scientists call photosynthesis, and which provides nearly all the food

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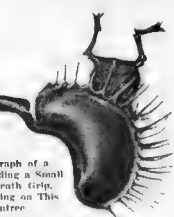
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STRANGE FACTS ABOUT PLANTS



A Striking Photograph of a Venus Fly Trap Holding a Small Tree Frog in a Death Grip, Preparatory to Digesting on This Appetizing Entree

near-by leaf of the same size without any weight on it, as a control. Then they touched both leaves with a bit of wool. Again and again they repeated this experiment. Of the two leaves one of which had to raise the tiny weight each time its leaf-stem came back to normal



ance animal and must have larger and more continuous supplies of it to be healthy. Dr. D. T. MacDougal, the distinguished California botanist once measured the amount of water drunk by the roots of a pine tree and found that the tree needed two barrels of water each day and manufactured, on the average, enough daily wood to make about one brownstick.

position from the or it had as soon when it drooped. Slowly, day by day, the weights

size increased a trifle as the setting-up exercises were given the plant. After about a month of these exercises weights of exactly the same amount were attached to the leaf that had been working with a weight on it and the control leaf that had never had a weight. When the respective lifting abilities were compared it was found that the exercised leaf had 41 per cent more lifting power than the unexercised one. And the still further interesting and amusing discovery was made that the unexercised leaf became tired more easily.

From these experiments the scientists reported "it may be concluded that the performance of physical work increases the capacity of the leaves of the plant. Minnesota, to do work and results them more difficult to fatigue an effect very similar to the action of physical work on the muscles of animals."

Most people think of the sap of plants as being the closest plant relative of law but this is not entirely true. The sap does carry out one of the duties of blood, the

duty of taking, however, the nutrients around the plant's body. But another of the blood duties in the animal body the duty of providing oxygen for all the million body cells to breathe. The plant takes care of its own entirely different way. The closest chemical similarity between the blood and any part of a plant is with the green coloring matter of the leaves that does the plant's food-making.

At a meeting of able scientists interested in spectroscopy held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Dr. C. R. Conner of Columbia University reported researches in which he had used the spectroscope to identify both in the red coloring matter of the blood and in the green coloring matter of plants the same fundamental chemical material. That doubtless is why iron is necessary for both of them. It indicates, too, that some primordial material of this type probably had been invented by the first kinds of living creatures, before other plants or animals

(Continued on Page 11)

Got a Cold?

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THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

(Continued from Double Page)

catch and eat human beings no scientist believes, yet there is no doubt that the plant meat-eaters such as the Venus Fly Trap point the way toward such a possibility.

The pond plants called bladderworts have similar mechanisms for catching and digesting small animals or other creatures floating in the water. Traps which act a good deal like the deep-sea nets used by scientific fishermen to catch creatures a mile or so underneath the ocean's surface.

Professor F. F. Lloyd, distinguished botanist of McGill University in Montreal, has studied these traps and finds that the plant creates a kind of partial vacuum inside the small bag or sack which constitutes the trap. The trap then suddenly is opened. Nearby water rushes in to fill the partial vacuum. Any small animal that happen to be in this water is carried in with it, like boats through the break in a barbed dam.

So soon as this has happened the door over the bladderwort's fishing trap closes. Any animal or other creatures which were swept inside are trapped. Presently the digestive juices kill and dissolve the bodies of these victims and the plant absorbs the nutritive proceeds. After a half hour or so the digestion is complete, the plant slowly retracts its trap and is ready to get a meal all over again.

Even for ordinary plants that grow in soil, feeding is a much more complicated matter than it seems to be. Many of these plants have tiny bacteria or other microbes which live on the plant roots and help these roots to get needed materials from the soil, all in addition to the food which the plant makes for itself in the green leaves.

The late Dr. F. V. Coville, of the United States Department of Agriculture, is authority for the statement that there is at least one plant, the common blueberry plant, which thrives especially well on skim milk, poured on the soil on which it grows, presumably because some of the bacteria in the milk or in the soil help to change the chemicals in the milk into things which the plant can absorb.

The so-called plant food from the soil resembles in many ways the mineral salts and other minor nutrients which human beings must get in their food in order to be healthy. For example, plants need iron just as human beings do. Without enough iron in the soil a plant will sicken and turn pale; so will a human being.

In one case this is because some iron evidently is necessary for the green coloring material in the leaves by which other plant foods are manufactured. In the other case it is because iron is necessary for the red coloring matter of the human blood.

Plants must have foods containing nitrogen just as animals must. Magnesium, another chemical element long known to be necessary for plants, recently has been found to be needed for human beings also.

Like animals, plants suffer from thirst. Indeed, most plants drink more water than the aver-

There exist, however, many plants that resemble the camel and other animals which need to drink only very seldom, or even the small desert hares which are believed never to drink at all. One of these camel plants is the famous giant cactus of Mexico and the Southwestern United States. Inside the tall shafts of these cacti Nature has provided storage cells not unlike the storage cells for water in the stomach of the camel. In these the cactus plant can store enough water from one shower to last the plant for a whole year or even for two or three years if the cactus happens to be growing in one of the spots where there are rains only at intervals of several years.

To compare with animal bones many plants have stiff internal skeletons constituting the woody parts of trees and of all plants with stiff stems. These are manufactured in much the same way that human bones are, although out of a different material.

Inside a growing human bone there are myriads of tiny cells filled with protoplasm which have the ability to take up from the blood certain compounds of lime and deposit these compounds in the form of tiny cells of bone. If a bone is broken some of these same cells move instantly into the break and deposit lime to repair it.

In trees, other living cells do exactly the same thing to make new wood, except that the material which they deposit is the chemical called cellulose, a chemical relative of ordinary sugar. The plant cells take sugar out of the tree's sap as raw material and deposit this as cellulose, much as the bone cells deposit up the lime salts and deposit bone.

And in the same way that human bones are built up out of long strips or girders of bone to give the greatest strength where it is needed, so the trees build their skeleton of cellulose in shapes which will give the greatest bracing against the wind or other forces which the tree needs to withstand. Long before human engineers dreamed of figuring out the stresses in a building and designing a framework of steel or timber to withstand these most successfully, Nature already had solved these problems twice over once in the bones of animals, the second time in the woody skeletons of trees.

A peculiarity of the common and sensitive plant, Mimosa, was an important advantage of two scientists of the University of Illinois, Doctors W. R. Burge and G. C. Wickwire, who performed some extremely interesting experiments. This plant folds up its leaves and at the same time drops down its leaf-stems when something touches it. The scientists tried a very small weight to one of the leaves, leaving an-



Three teaspoonfuls in a cup... Add hot water and stir. Ready to serve in 10 seconds.

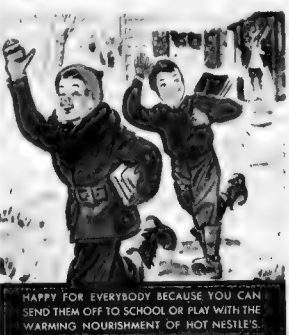


Three teaspoonfuls in a cup... Add hot water and stir. Ready to serve in 10 seconds.

10 seconds to make DELICIOUS HOT NESTLE'S



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"I Was Warden of a Soviet Murder Camp" By V. N. KISSELEV

(Continued from Page 3)

Some of the prisoners lived by their death in the sea from the high rocky shore or resorted to the customary method of hanging themselves from tree limbs. Most of these were exiled nobles or officers, who would kill themselves after a few months of the torture because they realized that eventually they had to die anyhow.

One of the suicides was V. Agafonov, Russian correspondent for a number of American papers, who had come from Chicago as an enthusiastic young Communist. But the sight of the Soviet horrors and the cruel methods of the Communist regime had changed his views and he had resorted to writing the facts as he saw them, ignoring the propaganda handed out by the State. He was declared an enemy and sentenced to my colony for ten years. He made numerous and desperate efforts to contact Mr. W. C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador, but never succeeded.

One evening he gave me a package of papers and asked me to mail it to his wife in America. His wife did not know where he was, nor that he was under arrest. The package of papers proved to be the historical memoirs of Princess Catherine, a lady-in-waiting to Catherine the Great, with whom the American Admiral John Paul Jones had fallen in love in Russia. Attached to the package was a brief note of farewell to his wife.

Next morning the patrol found him hanging from a tree limb. It was shortly after the suicide of the correspondent that the horrors inflicted upon women prisoners at Solovki came under my scrutiny and provided more shocks than all the other cruelties I had witnessed.

It was there that I had ordered the execution of Nadia Tarasova. In the camp were herded 1,700 women, most of whom were the wives or members of the families of the nobles and business men who had been executed. They were housed in the old church buildings of Solovki Monastery. The church buildings had been converted into smelly, unsanitary barracks, and scattered over the island were old pilgrim shrines which had also been converted into quarters that could not honestly be called living abodes. Women over-crowded them all and had to sleep on the floor.

The thing that horrified me most was that the younger ones were at the mercy of the guards, who would share them among themselves as booty, and outrage them before they had opportunity to kill themselves. Some of them made weird-looking clothes of burlap bags or wood bark rag. Many of them carried babies whose fathers were the SLON jailers. Quite a few of them were disfigured by blows from the knout. Some of them, although they had become mothers, did not carry their babies around. Babies needed food—so did their mothers. There was no food to spare, and so the little helpless infants had been tossed into the sea. During my first inspection of Solovki Island I saw a party of very different prisoners arrive. Compared to the others, they

were extremely well dressed. Among them I was attracted by a young woman who had to be dragged by her captors. She was thrust into one of the hovels, and as I entered she fell on her knees before me, extending her hands and crying.

"These men say they will torture me unless I love them. My name is Sonia Berodine."

I recognized her. She had been a famous concert singer. She had given a number of religious concerts and therefore had been declared an enemy of the State. Her uncle was a bishop of Kazan Cathedral in Leningrad. One day about two weeks later she committed suicide.

It was on the same day that Nadia Tarasova, just out of college, asked to see me. I did not know her then, nor did she know me. How she came to suspect that I had received an order through the OGPU that morning I never learned. She was a woman of her intuition that told her. But she came into my office and said:

"I know that I am to be executed. I want to pray."

I sent her back to her quarters and told her to get some rest. Then the guards took her away. They brought her back the next day, unharmed.

The order to kill her had come to me from the OGPU Department by telegram. I was ordered personally to see that she was shot. I did not know why. But there in my office she told me that with her college she had organized a terrorist group. Each of the girls had pledged that she would kill a member of the Cabinet when she should shoot. Each of the girls had been ordained by purges. But the plot had been discovered and Nadia and her friends arrested and exiled. There had been six of them and each had gone to a different prison camp. My orders were that she was to be shot at dawn and her body permanently disposed of.

It was Spring. I shall never forget that morning. The order of the pines and budding flowers filled the air. Stars shone pallidly through the branches of the blossoming trees. I had to escort the girl to the ledge where by custom the execution took place. Three guards with rifles stood by. Signal and followed us at a discreet distance. And when we arrived at the brink over which I knew her body would roll when the bullets struck her, we paused.

My heart was pounding furiously. The girl seemed ecstatic. She did not seem to be terrified, but she was pale and acted as if she spoke like someone in a trance. As we stopped she turned, looked out to the sea. Then in a low voice, and without turning her head, she said:

"Is this the gate from one life to another?"

No reply.

"I don't know what I expected this," she went on, as if talking to herself. Then she turned and asked me for another moment so that she might pray. I nodded. Peering again out over the sea, she raised her hands and began to speak slowly and solemnly. It was like a chant:

"Oh, light of liberty and justice, dispel this darkness of oppression. Awaken the masses. Destroy the disease of hatred in the hearts of men. Rescue their consciences. Give them the blessing of fraternal love. Give them the strength to cherish their heroic ideals. Roll on, oh world, to your rendezvous with liberty. Now I am ready. The light lives and the darkness will die!"

We stood breathless, listening to this strange prayer. No one interrupted.

To my astonishment, even the callous guards, who must have had some of their latent decency stirred, awkwardly bowed their heads and turned their glances from the figure of this heroic girl.

I became suddenly sick. The muscles of my throat contracted. I could not put the order that was to snuff out her life into words. My hands were palsied, but I raised my arm, trembling.

and the guards, taking this for the signal, stepped into position and a moment later their rifles barked.

A shudder ran through the girl's body, her chin dropped and she pitched forward. There was a brief convulsion and the body, as we well knew it, was sent heading over the precipice. The guards followed it to the water's edge. I was too sick to follow them.

I don't know who I ever got back to my office, but once there I collapsed and in my ears were ringing the strange words of the doomed girl.

It was that soul-wrecking experience that decided me. I could no longer remain part of a State that had no room for the human equation. I began then and there making my preparations to leave it all behind me, as if the past few years had been merely a horrible dream. This was not easy and had to be done with subtlety. Little by little I

paved the way, and it was in the interim, just before I made the adventurous move that I received a letter from Vera Tarasova in Finland.

She told me that she was Nadia's mother, that she had heard that Nadia had been sent to my prison camp and she begged me to try to help her escape. Again I felt the same nausea that overpowered me on the day of Nadia's execution, but as I continued reading the letter I got a worse shock. Vera Tarasova, Nadia's mother, explained that she was the sister of my own mother, as she had recently learned, and that was why she was appealing to me.

With trembling hands I destroyed the letter. I knew then I had murdered my own first cousin.

How could I remain in a country that advocated—indeed ordered—people to murder their own families—to wipe out those in whose veins their own blood

flowed? To stay here any longer I knew would be madness.

And so one Sunday morning in Malmesbury, after all my plans had been made, I put on my civilian clothing, took all the money I had managed to hoard, and went as calmly as I could get away from my office. Inside I was shuddering, but I managed to tell the guards in a firm voice that I was going for a hike.

I went on a lumber car to the railroad station, and there, with all the nonchalance I could muster, boarded a train which would

take me to the station nearest the Finnish border in Karelia.

Much to my surprise, I encountered no difficulties whatever in crossing the frontier. I presented my credentials and explained to the Finnish border guards that I was going to visit my sister. I was admitted without question.

It was like a transition from hell into heaven. I am still here in Finland, where it is no longer peaceful, but where people kill only to defend their brave little nation.

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Many a heart has been won by a thrilling head of hair. For when a man looks at you, remember his eyes start with your head. Yes, hair can do wonders for a woman. Provided your shampoo permits the natural radiance of your hair to come forth and add charm to your whole appearance. You see, soap and oil shampoos so often leave an irritating film on your hair to actually dull its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or kerosene rinse. Your hair so often looked dull and flat, unmanageable and stringy.

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Here at last is an ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair, even in hardest water. One reveals the beauty hidden in your hair.

shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all traces of dull, cloudy film left by many soaps and oil shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for special extra rinses. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves your hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, greasy strands are easily removed.

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REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDDEN IN YOUR HAIR

HALO SHAMPOO

PLANTS AND ANIMALS

(Continued from Page 11)

them to reject kinds of soil they cannot digest and grow rapidly in kinds which they do like. There seems even to be a heat sense in plants, also, for it has been observed that some kinds of roots will avoid too hot or too cold soil and grow into other parts of the soil which have more suitable temperatures.

Gravity the plants perceive even better than human beings, who must depend largely on the three small canals in the bone just behind the ear, the human balancing mechanism. Most plants perceive gravity with many parts of their bodies, but especially with many feet down in the growing stem. This is how the climbing plants know that a pole or string which they touch is running upward.

Nor do plants ever get mixed up about this and send their roots growing into the air while the stem tries to go on down into the soil. Indeed, if a seed happens to get planted upside down, the first small root tip and stem tip which emerge each promptly turns around and starts off in the proper direction instead of in the directions in which they emerged from the upside-down seed. If a larger growing plant is put into its apparatus which turns it up side down at intervals, some plants will turn around in as short a time as 20 minutes, and will begin to grow again in the proper direction as fixed by gravity, not by the position in which the plant is held.

So far as anyone knows, no plant has any sense of hearing. The Department of University of California has described a kind of fungus which makes a whispering sound as it releases the spores which serve it for seed. There is an old legend that the mandrake root shrieks when it is plucked from the ground, but even if this is true it probably is not

a sound made by the plant itself but by the act of pulling it up.

One of the most remarkable instances of plant senses still is unexplained. There grows in the sand dunes of Southern California a plant known as a "ghost plant" called *Ammannia*. This plant lives on the roots of other plants growing in the dunes, sometimes far down in the soil.

Two scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. Frank A. Thackery and Mr. M. French Gilman, studied the habits of this plant and found that it possesses some mysterious faculty of finding the other roots to which it can attach its own, even though these other roots are hidden many feet down in the sand. Whether this is done by some delicate sense of smell or in some other way still is a mystery.

Another recent discovery about plants is that they possess gland chemicals similar to those which control the growth and action of human bodies. Just as human growth is determined by chemicals from the pituitary gland, so much of which may create giants, while too little may make dwarfs, so plants are controlled by a chemical called auxin, the nature and properties of which still have not been investigated. It may be that by controlling artificially the amount of this auxin supplied to a plant gardeners may be able to make plant dwarfs or giants at will.

It may be that similar gland chemicals control the growth of plants for another discovery is that of Dr. B. Skarzynski that female plants contain what seems to be a sex hormone of a chemical obtained from female animals.

That some chemical distinction of the sexes exists even in the lowliest plants just as in low forms of animals is proved by the observation which serves it for seed. The Department of University of Tokyo University, in Japan, on the very low plants called the *Stellaria media*, has found that male plants of the same variety will not fuse when parts of their protoplasm are rubbed together. Neither will a male plant and a female one of two different races or species.

But when a male plant and a female plant of the same species are placed together, they instantly mix and fuse in preparation for producing the seedlike spores by which they reproduce.

Plants get sick in much the same ways as human beings, often by invasion of their bodies by bacteria. Doctor Walter N. Eisele of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station and many other investigators have proved that these sick plants run a fever, react to antibiotics and are under similar circumstances.

The late Dr. Theobald Smith of the Department of Agriculture pointed out several years ago that some of the galls which appear on plants are very like human cancers and similar tumors. There even is a report, by Professor William H. Rorer of Bucknell University, of a corn plant which apparently suffered from hereditary diabetes. The leaves of the plant of the same variety actually swelled up and burst from too much sugar, which the plant seemed unable to use in its growth.

Exposed to anesthetics such as the surgeon's ether, a sensitive plant will collapse and wilt, but presently revives and "recovers consciousness" exactly as a human patient does. Traces of the poison gas called carbon monoxide contained in the exhaust gases of automobiles also make plants wilt or kill them, exactly

as this gas does with animals.

Plants have been found to have habits which it is difficult for them to change. For example, plants transplanted to the United States from Australia, where the summer is in December and the winter in July, usually require several years to accustom themselves to the new climatic schedule.

Studying sugar cane in the island of Java, Dr. J. Constantin discovered that it pays to transplant the lowland varieties of cane to the high mountains in the center of the island, bringing back new cane cuttings after a season of highland growth.

The "vacation" in the cooler and more invigorating mountains makes the plants stronger. An American plant physiologist, Dr. Forman T. McLean, also has pointed out that the strongest plants are grown from seedlings raised in somewhat unfavorable surroundings, suggesting that too much ease of life in youth weakens plants just as it often does human beings.

Professor Ludwig Diehl of the University of Berlin even claims that the plant world is divided, as the human world seems to be nowadays, into individualists and communists.

Among the individualists are certain orchids which seem to thrive best when growing alone, in their own small patch of mossy soil on a tree branch.

Among the communists are the goldenrod and certain weeds, which apparently delight to crowd together in close-packed groups and live as members of a completely organized plant community—and, incidentally, crowd out with murderous malice all other forms of their plant kind.

And still like the communists, are of no earthly good.

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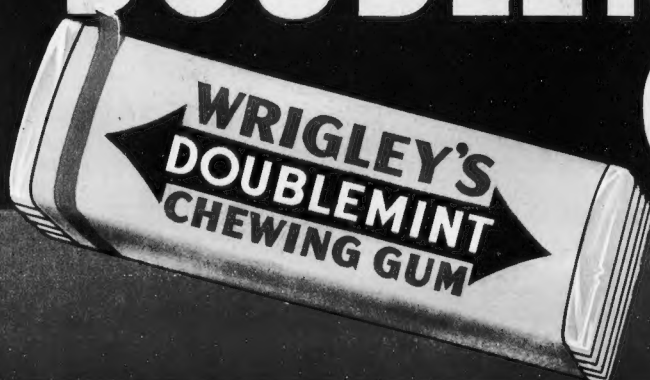
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